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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	417
PEACE AND PROPAGANDA	420
HITLER OVER U.S.A.	421
A LONDON DIARY	422
THIS ENGLAND	424
THAT GERMANY	424
DALADIER AND REYNAUD. By Alexander Werth	425
TIPPING. By Y. Y.	426
COUNTRY NOTES. By V. Sackville-West	427
MODERN ARCHITECTURE. By Robert Byron	428
SPRING. By W. R. Rodgers	429
WHAT YOU HEAR. By Monitor	429
THE MOVIES. By Anthony Bower	429
CORRESPONDENCE	430
From G. T. Garratt; Harrison Barrow; W. C. Eyre Hartley; "Sapper and Miner"; James Southworth;	
Correspondence—*contd.*	Page
R. S. T. Chorley; Impartial; Sean O'Casey; M. H. Dobb; Sir Stephen Tallents.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Raymond Mortimer	434
REVIEWS:	
A Social Democrat. By Kingsley Martin	436
New Novels. By John Mair	436
The Strasser Brothers. By R. H. S. Crossman	438
Neo-Romantic. By Senex	439
Local Government History	440
A Liberator. By V. S. Pritchett	441
SHORTER NOTICE	442
ABOUT MOTORING. By R. E. Davidson	442
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	443
CROSSWORD	444
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Cynicus	446

JAPAN'S PUPPET

FOR about the fifth time the Japanese have announced their intention of giving *de jure* recognition to Mr. Wang Ching-wei as head of a "National Government of China" at Nanking. This time the date is fixed; a ceremony is to take place on March 30th and Mr. Wang Ching-wei's Cabinet is announced. This new puppet ruler, who was once on the extreme Left of the Kuomintang and one of Chiang Kai-shek's chief Ministers, was expelled from his party some fifteen months ago. Since then he has been completely in the hands of the Japanese. At least one attempt has been made on his life and he has sought the security of Japanese bayonets in a fortified house in Shanghai. Not long ago two of his close associates returned to the fold at Chungking, and published in a Hong-Kong paper the details of his secret agreement with the Japanese. We need not discuss Mr. Wang's motives. General Chiang Kai-shek has recently denounced him in set terms, declaring that he is only interested in money and in his own advancement. That he has completely deserted the Chinese cause and become a helpless tool in Japanese hands no one now disputes.

Two substantial Chinese victories in the field this week add a touch of irony to the establishment of Mr. Wang Ching-wei as head of a National Government. In truth, the Japanese can no longer hide their discomfiture; their armies are everywhere bogged in China and their financial and economic position is so precarious that there are open demands for the speedy termination of the "Chinese incident" in the Tokio parliament. The Japanese hold the coast, the ports and the harbour mouths; elsewhere their hold is tenuous and constantly menaced by Chinese guerrillas. In parts of the hinterland, which the Japanese claim to have conquered, the Chinese authorities still collect taxes for the Chungking government. China has been unified by the war; her armies are supplied with much that they need by the U.S.S.R. and material also comes from the Western Powers up the Burma road. The Chinese now themselves manufacture large quantities of the smaller weapons of war. It is by no means surprising that there is much talk of peace in Tokio and that Japan has turned to diplomacy and intrigue to solve a problem which has baffled her armies.

The success of this move depends on the existence of substantial Chinese support for Mr. Wang Ching-wei. There is no sign of it. The Chinese regard him as a traitor and he has not been successful even in winning that degree of independence and power which he hoped the Japanese would grant him. He has failed to win control over the Northern area and has had no success in his negotiations with Mr. Wang Keh-min, the puppet

governor of Peking. He will exist, if he holds out in Nanking, only by virtue of Japanese bayonets. He cannot negotiate a victorious peace for Japan, since General Chiang Kai-shek is not more likely to accept Japanese terms because they come from Wang Ching-wei. It is even possible that the Japanese will find it too difficult to maintain Mr. Wang Ching-wei and that they will permit him to escape or to be defeated by the real government in China. In that way Japan would "save face" that she would otherwise lose; the defeat of a Nanking government by Chungking would sound better than the withdrawal of Japanese forces in the face of Chinese resistance.

The Indian Deadlock

The political problem of India has reached in the past week a new and even more difficult phase. During six months of war the hopes of a good solution have receded—a situation whose danger will be gravely increased if the war should involve the U.S.S.R. and spread to the Middle East. Two results emerge clearly from the annual conference of the Congress Party, which met at Ramgarh under the presidency of a distinguished Muslim divine. Firstly Mr. Gandhi is still for a big majority of the Party the unquestioned leader, whose voice decides every tactical move. He will not hear of any attempt in the near future to resort to civil disobedience. For this he advances in his characteristic style sundry ethical reasons, but presumably what he really means is that he has grown doubtful of the efficacy of passive revolt. It is evident, also, that he does not yet despair of an agreement with the Viceroy. A less patient minority has, however, broken away under the leadership of Mr. Subhas Bose and it proposes, in districts where it is influential, to initiate one form or another of passive revolt. The other outstanding result of the conference was the unanimous adoption of the claim to full independence for India, under a constitution which a constituent assembly elected by universal suffrage shall draw up. In other words the party that dominates eight of the eleven provinces is no longer content to negotiate over Dominion Status—or so it says.

An Indian Ulster?

While the Indian Congress met at Ramgarh, the Muslim League held its conference at Lahore, and made an even more distinguished contribution to the political deadlock. It formally confirmed what we already knew—that the influential body of opinion represented by this League will have nothing to do with any scheme of Indian federation whatever. Its reason is simple: it will not submit to a Hindu majority, whatever safeguards may be devised. It is violently opposed to the Congress claim to independence, and has no use for the offer of Dominion Status, which necessarily implies some form of federation. But it has now advanced beyond this merely negative and obstructive position. For the first time, in his presidential address, Mr. Jinnah put forward as his solution the proposal that separate autonomous Muslim States shall be created. He has in mind apparently one in the North-West and another in the East. By the latter he can hardly mean all Bengal, but only its eastern half. This plan was adopted in principle by the full conference of the League. It is now suggested that when Muslim India breaks away from Hindu India, the scattered Muslim minorities shall migrate from the Hindu to the Muslim States. We have often questioned the right of this League to speak for the Muslims of India, but it now has, what it formerly lacked, the public support of the Muslim Premiers of Bengal and the Punjab. But do Indians really divide on the lines of creed? The significant social lines of cleavage—landlord and tenant, employer and worker—cut across them. The communal division has been recognised and exaggerated by the white rulers of India for their own ends, while Congress has worked to obliterate it. Is its failure final, or only momentary? In the meantime, the attitude of Mr. Jinnah serves as an excuse for the reactionaries who oppose any advance whatever towards India's liberation.

Colonial Development

Both Houses of Parliament, before they rose, discussed colonial policy and more especially the plan and the grant destined to raise the standard of life in the West Indies. The wholehearted adoption by the Government of the rather radical recommendations of the Moyne Report is one of the most hopeful indications of the trend of Imperial policy. To consent to the expansion of miserably inadequate health and education services was not difficult, but to accept free meals in schools, slum clearance without compensation and the grant of effective rights, including peaceful picketing, to Trade Unions was more remarkable. Important as these reforms are, they do not begin to touch the roots of the economic trouble. That was, in a sentence, that these islands were run under British capital to produce for profit the maximum value of exportable crops. This had gone so far that bread was dearer in Jamaica than in England, and the negro workers, intermittently employed, were under-fed, because they could not buy imported tinned foods. To make these fertile islands self-sufficient in food should be the first aim, and to this end the proper remedy is doubtless to give the workers plots to cultivate, and also to foster mixed farming. But the exploitation will be ended and the price of labour raised only when suitable industries are set up, and it is not yet clear whether and how the Colonial Office intends to put this recommendation into effect.

The Canadian Elections

If the general elections in Canada did small credit to democracy, they at least confirmed the skill of Mr. Mackenzie King as a political manager. Since in Canada the words Liberal and Conservative have as little significance as Democrat and Republican in the U.S.A., Mr. Mackenzie King's victory chiefly signifies that the present group of politicians will manage Canada for the duration, and will feel less anxiety about the accusations of corruption current before Parliament was dissolved. In the Western Provinces the elections were chiefly remarkable for the extinction of the Social Credit movement in Federal politics, though Mr. Aberhardt's bible readings still retain a public in Alberta; and for the success of the small Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, which, in spite of its anti-Jingo policy, held its own. In Quebec the rumour that Dr. Manion might introduce conscription was sufficient to rally the French vote to the Liberals, while Mr. Hepburn in Ontario, who precipitated the whole business by his criticisms, will have the mixed pleasure of observing a defeat of Conservatism

which ensures power to his arch-enemy, Mr. Mackenzie King.

A Grave Indictment

To Mr. Lloyd George's attacks in the House upon the Government's agricultural policy, there has now been added the carefully argued indictment of Mr. A. P. Macdougall. In a truly sensational article, published, significantly, in the *Times* last Monday, Mr. Macdougall reached the conclusion that "the net result of the first year's war-programme will be not the increase we had hoped for, but a serious fall." Of the much advertised ploughing scheme, he wrote:

> The total increased value of food produced under this policy for the first year is therefore £3,427,000 or, at present values of home-produced food, little more than 1 per cent. of our output, and of all our requirements, home and imported, it does not represent 0.004 per cent.—sufficient food for a day and a half.

Nor is this the worst. For Mr. Macdougall rightly stresses the negative effect of the ploughing policy upon supplies of feeding-stuffs for pigs, cattle and poultry; and the serious deficiency in agricultural machinery—he reckons we need not 6,000 but 20,000 tractors, not 1,000 but 5,000 disc-harrows, and an enormous increase of harvesting tackle—and in skilled agricultural labour. If half of what Mr. Macdougall asserts is true—and so far his figures have not been seriously challenged—not only the Minister of Agriculture but the whole War Cabinet stand condemned both for past errors and for present blindness. The issue is not the capacity of one Minister, but the ability of Mr. Chamberlain and his advisers to impose any sort of planning upon our economic system.

Easter Conferences

War has not unduly disturbed the Easter round of conferences or altered the temper of the delegates. The I.L.P., in which vigour and personality make up for decreasing numbers, showed that it still has more opponents to fight and more divisions in its ranks than any other political party, while the National Union of Clerks and the Shop Assistants reminded us that the most vociferous champions of proletarian action are now to be found among the black-coated workers. Both these Unions denounced the party-truce, and demanded an immediate end to the war, though in both cases the Communists failed to carry resolutions approving Russia's actions in Finland. At the Conway Hall the Co-operative Party had a lively debate on a composite "stop-the-war" amendment to the Executive's resolution. Pacifism has always been exceptionally strong in the Party especially among women co-operators and it was therefore not surprising that 1,323,000 votes, about two-sevenths of the total, were given to the amendment. On the party-truce Mr. Alexander and Mr. Barnes were obviously on the defensive, but managed to evade a vote by arguing that this issue must be fought out inside the Labour Party.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

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Recess Reflections

By our Political Correspondent.—Surprising as it may seem to some, the House of Commons remains the ultimate seat of power in this country. It can wage war, or make peace, or change the Government, at will. Importance, therefore, attaches to what it says and does at moments of crisis.

After a considerable period of quiescence, there was a sudden rise in the political temperature last week, caused by the Finnish capitulation and by subsequent events in France. The debate on Tuesday was tense, and might have been critical. Its most notable features were the vigour and ability of the Prime Minister's defence, and the startling attack by Mr. Richard Law,

When a Conservative Member of Parliament of the calibre of Mr. Law—who happens also to be the son of one of the party's most respected and beloved leaders—confesses that he can no longer feel confidence in Ministers who have been continuously associated with a policy of "frustration and failure," this surely is political news of the first order.

It was not so treated by the press. I was astonished to observe next morning the extent to which the newspapers—with the notable exception of the *Times*—ignored every feature of the debate but Mr. Chamberlain's speech, and thus gave the public a completely distorted picture of what in fact took place. Anyone who was not present might well have imagined that the Prime Minister had nothing and no one to answer.

Similarly, in the debate on the adjournment on Thursday, Mr. Mander delivered an attack on the Ministry of Economic Warfare, and Mr. Boothby made a plea for a War Cabinet composed of Ministers without portfolio chosen, without regard to party, from the best men available for the public service, both of which were ignored by a large section of the press. The impression consistently conveyed to the general public is that the House of Commons, as a whole, is completely satisfied with the policy, performance and personnel of the present Government. It is a false impression; and one which, if allowed to prevail, may do considerable damage to the Allied cause.

Since the outbreak of war there have been many complaints in the daily newspapers about the censorship. But debates in the House of Commons—which may affect decisively the fortunes and the fate of this country—are not subject to censorship; and it certainly seems to one who attended those which took place last week that the public have legitimate grounds for complaint about the press reports. This can be confirmed by a perusal of Hansard—which, I understand, is sold out.

Actually, the political situation is not a very happy one. The demand for a real National Government is growing. And if, as now seems likely, the next phase of the war is to be characterised by diplomatic rather than military activity, a strong and resolute Cabinet, capable of swift decision and energetic action, is more than ever necessary.

But I do not think that either Mr. Attlee or Sir Archibald Sinclair are any more likely to agree to serve under Mr. Chamberlain than he is to ask them to do so. They know that what we are suffering from to-day is not only the consequences of Munich, but also its aftermath—those awful months when the war clouds bore down upon us with terrifying speed, and yet the Prime Minister fought desperately and to the last ditch against the storage of essential raw materials, against a Ministry of Supply, against conscription. What that has cost us in blood and sacrifice we shall discover in due course.

Meanwhile, as I pointed out in these notes last week, Mr. Chamberlain continues to exercise a remarkable sway over the present House of Commons; and at the moment it is difficult to see how any drastic changes can be carried through without his approval, or at least acquiescence.

The trouble is that, with all his qualities, there is no trace of diffidence in his character; and he is not, like his lamented brother, a magnanimous man. He shares with M. Daladier (and Mr. Asquith) the credit for having brought a united nation into war. But one cannot conceive that he is genuinely dissatisfied with any aspect of his policy, or that he could ever bring himself to do what M. Daladier did last week. With the necessary exception of Mr. Churchill, he has never forgiven the critics of his own policy in the past; and the more completely justified those critics are now proved to have been, the less likely he is to forgive them.

He doesn't really want the Opposition to join his administration. He doesn't think that either the character or the composition of the War Cabinet should be changed. He prefers Sir John Gilmour as a colleague to Mr. Amery.

PEACE AND PROPAGANDA

WHAT effect did the B.B.C. expect to have on intelligent listeners when it announced with unction that the Nazis celebrated Easter by broadcasting over the trenches an invitation to leave off fighting and that the only response from France was a concentrated fire on the German loudspeakers? Why did not the French also reply by loudspeakers? The more the French can talk to German soldiers the better. Why leave the spiritual offensive to the Nazis and play into the hands of Dr. Goebbels, who wants the German people and the neutral world to believe that it is the Allies who are deliberately perpetuating the war? As for the many listeners in this country who ask what this war is for and whether it is not after all just an imperialistic struggle, surely the effect of such a response from the French and such an unexplained announcement by the B.B.C. is to strengthen their worst doubts?

Remember that a very large number of people in this country found themselves committed to this war because, without resistance to the Nazis, they had been unable to see any way of appealing to the submerged Germany with which sooner or later, if Europe is not to become a barbaric chaos, we must fraternise in the trenches and elsewhere. Year after year they watched the growth of Nazi power and the increasing domination of Nazi ideas over the youth of Germany and beyond. Obviously the acceptance of a doctrine that one race must conquer and rule, while the rest become their "sub-human" servitors meant war. Obviously to bring up a generation in blind and superstitious worship of a fanatical leader, to teach it that one must think with the blood and not with the mind, that the intellect is decadent, that war is in itself good and that all "objectivity," as *Mein Kampf* puts it, all consideration for another point of view, all mercy, truth and tolerance are signs of weakness to be eradicated by the spear of Odin and the conquering might of his Nordic legions—obviously such a deliberate training would bring, if not scotched before it was too strong, nothing but misery, bloodshed and barbarism. Time after time they saw the opportunity to oppose and counter this new barbarism thrown away by those who would not understand the danger and who were hypnotised by the Führer's success and his pretence that he was the world's champion against Bolshevism. We asked for the creation through Geneva or outside it of an international system based on those forces and peoples who did not accept the new barbarism and who could, united, resist it. If it was created in time and coupled with a rightly conceived propaganda for a democratic and developing system of freedom, they believed they might avoid the war which, apart from other disadvantages, would tend inevitably to unite Germany. These counsels fell on deaf ears; and when war did come those who had offered them were caught. They could not oppose the war once it had started, since a German victory would mean that France would be treated as Poland has been, and that Britain, with her navy and merchant shipping confiscated, would starve to grace a Nazi festival. Their hopes still rested and must continue to rest on an ultimate reconciliation with part at least of the German people; there can be no civilised future for Europe while eighty million Germans, even if defeated, continue to cherish the ambitions and *Weltanschauung* of Hitler and Rosenberg.

Recalling these root facts we can only be dismayed when German propaganda in the trenches is met by bullets and German talk of peace merely dismissed (as it was so fatally in 1917) as a "peace offensive." Of course these are part of Nazi tactics. The way to counter them—and the only way—is by using our intelligence. We are so used to the theory that we always "muddle through" that we forget this is not a sign of genius, but merely a way of saying that we used to be so much richer and stronger than other people that we could afford more mistakes. Now we are in danger we shall have to use our brains like other people. It was not sensible to declare at the beginning of the war that there could never be negotiations with Hitler, since no people will voluntarily revolt against a successful ruler at the demand of an enemy. To show Germans that Hitler has betrayed them as well as everyone else, is, on the other hand, intelligent, since many Germans believed he would never land them into war and hoped that he would bring them prosperity as well as peace. As for propaganda in general it is only valuable as part of policy, and policy to be effective propaganda must be active and purposeful. The British and French Governments have not made good use of these six months of war because they have not convinced the world that they have qualities of leadership; in this war neither patriotism nor "decency" are enough.

The right reply to a "peace offensive" is not rejection, but a counter peace offensive. If the United States at some point can take a hand in the European mess, much may be possible that is now impossible. For the United States is the one great neutral whose intervention either for war or for truce may prove decisive. But we must purge our minds of the hope of "peace" in the world, if by peace we mean, as many people do, a condition in which we are allowed to rest in peace and in which armed forces are not changing the map and internal forces changing the social structure. What we have called peace has been a temporary, and by no means always peaceful, period of history in which the armed forces of a few Great Powers have maintained a precarious balance and been so superior to the forces of other Powers that the social systems they have supported have looked stable. They have not been and are not stable; the balance of power has changed between nations and the necessary evolution of private ownership to public control is taking place, in one way or another, all over the world. It will take place whether, in the military sense, we win, lose or draw this war. In the same way, since the international balance of power has changed, war is likely in some form to continue until a new equilibrium is reached. Therefore peace in the comfortable sense of a return to the "normal"—usually in the minds of our rulers the world before 1914—is out of the question. Until the Germans and the Japanese and the Italians have ceased to be led by men who believe that there are unlimited worlds to conquer, and France and Britain have ceased to believe that they can maintain their Empires and their old social systems unchanged, peace is impossible. A vast change from the private to the collectivist State is happening; the choice is between a slave economy and a free collectivism. Secondly we have to change our whole conception of Empire; we cannot permanently govern India for our advantage and against the will of the vast mass of Hindus. We cannot permanently maintain control over colonies

which we neglect the moment they cease to pay dividends on our investments; of that the Government now shows a dawning recognition in the grant to the West Indies and the drastic changes in the administration of the Colonial Development Fund. We cannot tolerate a million unemployed and a division of the nation into rich and poor and hope that the world will be impressed by propaganda for the democratic system.

For these reasons instead of resenting the propaganda of Lord Haw-Haw we should welcome it. When he tells us that the British navy has been sunk we know that he lies, and that does not matter. When he quotes from impeccable English books to show that India has not been well governed, we should reply by showing that democracy is capable either of ending the ghastly poverty and misery of India or of conferring on Indians the power and the opportunity to tackle their own problems in their own way. Action is the only real counter to Lord Haw-Haw. And it would be convincing since the contrast with German action in Poland or Czechoslovakia would be sufficiently obvious. But propaganda, without action, is useless: only when the Indian leaders come to the microphone and freely tell the world that they endorse our cause because it is the cause of freedom, only then will Lord Haw-Haw's gibes about Empire cease to carry weight. Again, when the voice from Hamburg reads passages from the *Times* criticising British administration or from the *News Chronicle*, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION or other journals criticising our plutocrats, the reply is not some dubious cracks by a B.B.C. commentator, but a change of the evils described. Then democracy will work; there is no reason why we should not let Lord Haw-Haw improve our efficiency.

Our job is to show that, unlike Totalitarian States, we can profit by criticism and combine efficiency with freedom. On the basis of that Anglo-French economic co-operation that has already begun with so much promise, we should be able, in spite of the appalling drain of war, to maintain a standard of living for the mass of people that is impossible to our enemy. What we must discard is what the Stock Exchange calls "prosperity," which is quite a different thing. It is on the economic side that we can best appeal to the United States, whose isolationism does not necessarily involve a refusal to improve her own markets and remedy her own unemployment by a scheme to develop under trustee conditions the still undeveloped areas which we regard as ours to exploit or neglect. There is no longer a world in which private capitalists can invest money, draw interest and forget the people who work for us; but there is a vast world in which the primary producer can better himself, if aided by foreign governments and in so doing provide markets and materials for our benefit as well as his own. Governments of the type we now have are incapable of the change that such an approach implies. They still represent vested interests and a narrow nationalism; they have not the imagination or the understanding to meet the challenge of our generation. We talk of the tradition and ideals of "Western Man"; we are hypocrites if we only mean that we want to keep British domination and private capitalism. These will not last. If Western Man is to survive he must show that he still has the will to adjust and the power to build; a tradition and a way of life cannot be "preserved" like pickles in a jar.

HITLER OVER U.S.A.

(BY AN AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT)

POLITICALLY, the United States remains a land of paradox. And one of the strangest of all the paradoxes is that while the average run-of-the-mill American is intensely suspicious of the British, who have apparently convinced themselves that to issue any information whatever in the Americas would be a grave mistake, the American public remains largely indifferent to the existence within these shores of a secret Nazi Fifth Column which is making strenuous efforts to influence opinion within the United States.

There is every indication that this pro-Nazi propaganda campaign, cleverly planned, disguised under various labels breathing the true spirit of "one hundred per cent. Americanism" and firmly hitched to the Isolationist bandwagon, is to be pressed with every weapon in the local Nazi armoury during the coming months.

The Nazi chorus in the United States pursues two main objectives—to strengthen Isolationist sentiment and thus keep this country out of the war, and to foster and direct the spread of anti-Semitism as the first step to imposing on the United States those racial theories for which Adolf Hitler has become infamous and by which, it is hoped, democracy can be disintegrated on this side of the Atlantic.

Reports, widely circulated here, that the Nazis are also working to secure the defeat of Roosevelt, should he decide to run for a third term next November, or any nominee of the President, should be treated with caution. It may be so. But this is Presidential election year, and there are some astute politicians around the White House, who may not have overlooked the fact that the best way to ensure a Democratic victory is to suggest that Hitler wants a Republican victory. President Roosevelt may be pro-Ally, but he is also a political opportunist who is highly unlikely to attempt to commit this country to any policy as unpopular as intervention in European affairs would be at this time. One must assume the Nazis know this. Hence rumours of out-and-out opposition to "the pro-Jew Rosenfeld" (as the German-American Bund dubbed the President) should be taken with a grain of salt.

The plans perfected, on instructions from Berlin, by Nazi sympathisers within the United States, are based on a very shrewd knowledge of American conditions, and are typically Germanic in their thoroughness. Not even in 1916 were the cohorts of the "master race" so carefully regimented and so active.

One or more trained Nazi agents have been planted in every city and town of consequence throughout the country, charged with the task of reporting on the state of public opinion and the reactions of the American public to the European war. These agents also encourage "keep out of war" sentiment, and distribute literature so heavily disguised that it would puzzle the Dies committee to trace its source of inspiration.

An anti-Allied press of quite respectable proportions has been built up, partly by direct subsidies, ranging from German-language newspapers to certain weekly publications preaching extreme isolationism and anti-Semitism (sure hallmarks, when bracketed together, of Nazi inspiration) and some newcomers among the crop of "News Letters" which have appeared since September.

Almost without exception these "mosquito sheets" take a pro-Nazi, pro-Soviet and anti-British line. The sort of "news" which some of them print may be judged by recent statements that "no more British troops are being sent to France," that "the French army is predominantly Communist and recently greeted the Commander-in-Chief with the clenched fist salute" and "the French Generals plan to postpone the start of the war until 2,000,000 United States troops have reached the Western Front"—the latter inflammable stuff in view of this country's determination "not to let the Allies make suckers of the Americans a second time."

Heading this pyramid of anti-British news sheets is a publica-

tion called *Facts in Review*, issued from official German sources, which is mailed to 200,000 addresses each week. Up to date the British have been thoroughly intimidated by the fear of saying anything in reply to this publication, thereby leaving Dr. Goebbels a clear field.

Somewhere within the recesses of this Nazi propaganda edifice there is, I suspect, a small but important room which should be labelled "slogan factory," the function of which is to turn out those easy-to-memorise catchphrases now sweeping the United States, among the most telling of which to date have been "the Yanks are *not* coming" (first featured by the American Youth Congress and since echoed by the American Legion) and "Let God save the King" (featured by the C.I.O. at a recent meeting at Colombus). Then there was the slogan: "Keep America out of War" displayed on the shield-shaped windscreen "stickers" furnished to motorists from coast to coast. It is asserted here that some of these were distributed through the Hearst organisation, while other persons believe that the bills for printing these stickers were paid by Nazi sources.

The motive power behind this carefully planned campaign to make the greatest neutral 101 per cent. Isolationist is derived from three main sources.

The first is, cash. Ample funds are apparently available to "sweeten" any publication prepared to publicise the German viewpoint. The Turkish newspaper *Tan* recently revealed, according to reports here, how a German official connected with the Deutsche Orient Bank at Istanbul visited the editor of that paper and, placing before him a detailed statement of the paper's financial obligations, offered to meet them in full for a consideration. Two other Istanbul publications reported similar offers. Such pressure is not unknown in the United States, especially among the foreign-language newspapers which often operate on a shoestring.

The second weapon in the Nazi armoury consists of the five million German-speaking inhabitants of the United States. At the outbreak of war a big campaign was set on foot to mobilise the last German-American in the ranks of the Fifth Column. Every German domestic servant was invited to enrol as a "soldier" on the "American front." So active were Hitler's agents that many of them were reported to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, with what result is not known. To-day, with the recruiting campaign complete, it is reliably reported that at least half a million German-Americans (or Germans in America; not all are citizens) are fully regimented and working for the downfall of the British Empire, France, the Jews, the *New York Times* ("The best British newspaper published in the United States" sneer the Germans, stung to fury by that great newspaper's support for the Allied cause) and democratic institutions on the American Continent. While another million are probably sympathetic to the German cause.

In circles where a German accent is considered a disadvantage the Nazi neutrality-mongers fall back on their third weapon —the existence within the United States of an influential group of American pro-Nazi sympathisers, composed of Catholics, Irish, industrialists, some members of the American Legion and even a handful of suspicious Liberals, who declare that Tory England is pro-Fascist at heart.

This group moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform, but its importance should not be despised on that account, for in its ranks are men occupying vital strategic positions in American industrial affairs, the publication of whose names would cause a sensation in this country.

What results have been achieved by all this activity? Undoubtedly the upswing of Isolationist sentiment has been quickened. Public opinion regarding the Allies and their peace aims has been confused by inspired statements that "there's nothing to choose between the two sides" and "It's just another Imperialist war"—the latter worked hard by Hitler's Communist Allies.

The Nazis possess a big advantage in the fact that the marginal line between where their efforts stop and the natural Isolationist tendencies of the American people begin to operate, is exceedingly hazy. There being no possibility of the United States entering the war on the German side, the Nazis are able to concentrate on the simple appeal to "keep out"—an appeal echoed by countless genuine American organisations. Thus the Germans occupy a strong strategic position which they are skilfully exploiting to their own ends.

Nazi agents, working well away from the limelight, have managed, to some extent, to cloud a clear-cut issue. Anti-Semitism has undoubtedly been stimulated to a point at which many Jews are taking alarm. Reports brought back last week from various parts of the country by Senators with whom I have talked all agree that Jew-baiting is increasing rapidly. This is perhaps Germany's greatest single achievement to date, and one which is causing headaches at Washington.

The great majority of the 95 per cent. of Americans who are violently anti-Hitler do not realise the full import of this campaign, for the one thing no Nazi agent would ever do in the United States is publicly to say one word in favour of the Führer. Any agent who did so would be of no further use to the Nazis.

The average American, therefore, does not take very seriously suggestions that Germans are trying to pattern his thinking. On the other hand, he is intensely suspicious of the bona fides of Chamberlain and Co., resentful over the "betrayal of Munich"—and of allegedly high-handed interference by the Allies with American mails. He cannot quite rid himself of the fear that, scrupulously correct as has been the behaviour of the British within the United States to date, he may awake one morning to discover that Lord Lothian has put a swift one over on him.

Tell him that the Nazis are active and dangerous, and he laughs in your face, and says he'd like to see the something Nazi who could convince him of anything connected with Germany except that Hitler ought to be put away.

That beautiful faith is the most valuable asset possessed by the Nazi Fifth Column in the United States. It is enabling the Germans to enfiltrate undetected in countless directions while the voters they seek to influence are too busily engaged in a witch-hunt against British wiles—and against anything remotely resembling a "Red"—to notice what America's *Gauleiters* are up to. We must wait for the day when the Nazis become too venturesome and make a mistake in tactics which they may confidently be relied upon to do sooner or later. When that happens, quite a lot of attention is going to be focused on that Fifth Column. And the present complacency will vanish overnight.

A LONDON DIARY

THERE is no doubt that influential persons desire a new coalition government with Labour inside, and this may account for the Easter Holiday rumours in the Government Press about overtures to Mr. Attlee. The rumours, I can state with confidence, have no foundation. For slightly different reasons, neither Mr. Attlee nor Mr. Greenwood—the first choices for jobs in a War Cabinet—would, I believe, even consider such overtures under present circumstances even if they were made. Arthur Greenwood, an extremely loyal Party man, knows the position in the constituencies far too well to try to put this sort of thing across them. Clem Attlee, whatever his faults as a leader, is a convinced Socialist, and would, I feel sure, object on principle to any arrangement which made Labour an impotent adjunct of a Tory Government. Unofficial discussions are much more likely to have taken place with Labour Parliamentarians whose administrative capacity is well known and whose desire to see a job of work done well—say in the Ministries of Supply and Food—might make them overlook larger issues. All the same the problem of Labour's attitude to the Government remains unsolved. In the first weeks of the war Labour leaders could claim that they had achieved the position of "power without responsi-

bility." But as the war has proceeded, it is Mr. Chamberlain who has increased his power and prestige in the House (in contrast to the country), until to-day he can treat the Opposition with the good natured bantering of a schoolmaster dealing with his sixth form. In Committee and, on minor issues of social policy, in full debate, hard-working Labour speakers are constantly winning valuable concessions: on the main lines of policy Mr. Chamberlain is unchallenged master. Only a real upheaval would remove him. This puts the Parliamentary Labour Party in a dilemma. Outside the House, even more outside Great Britain, the suspicion of Mr. Chamberlain and his second-rate subordinates is undiminished: inside the House, he is recognised, for all his defects, as the master; and he has the decisive advantage of a big majority. If Labour continues to stay in Opposition, while accepting the main lines of Government policy, its opposition runs the risk of appearing just cantankerous. But if the Parliamentary leaders were to go into the Government, it would split the party outside the House far more seriously than in 1931.

* * *

I doubt if this issue will be debated at Bournemouth, when the Party Conference meets in six weeks' time. But the Party would be well advised to consider the real reasons for its Parliamentary weakness. You cannot in wartime carry on a fighting opposition unless you have an alternative policy, and neither Labour's Immediate Programme nor the thoughtful statement on War and Peace Aims will do as a policy for the war. This is why the expulsion of D. N. Pritt exasperates even those who most strongly disapproved of his attitude on the Finnish issue. Anti-communism is not a policy in itself, nor is disciplinary action a sign of strength. The Communists and their fellow travellers mainly obtain their influence from the negativeness of the official Labour line; and there would be no need for expulsions if the Party was fighting for a positive policy of its own. What the Party needs is a Socialist strategy on the home front and abroad. It must be able to say now what it would do about India and the Colonies not merely after but during the war, how it would finance the war, how it would cure the food muddle and eliminate the bottlenecks in supply. It needs in brief a policy of war-socialism and that policy should be endorsed at Bournemouth. Strengthened with this, the Parliamentary Party could return to Westminster as a real Opposition. Once it has, with the approval of the constituencies and Trade Unions, adopted this policy, no one need object to negotiations with other parties or parleys for a coalition. But so long as it only has peace-aims for after the war, the constituencies will be rightly suspicious of any talk of participation in Government, while the Conservatives will rightly denounce it as a sham Opposition.

* * *

Paris is more "normal" than London. The University and most of the schools are open again; prices have not risen so steeply; petrol is less severely rationed and there are almost as many cars as before the war. French wartime lighting restrictions state that "interior lighting must always be imperceptible to observers from the air." This is not interpreted by theatres, cinemas, restaurants and shops to mean that they must be blacked out, but only that they must not allow direct rays to pour out into the street. Interesting ways of making wartime lighting aesthetically agreeable have been introduced, and in front of the cinemas large coloured hangings of thin material advertise the titles of the films and the faces of the stars. These are themselves adequately lighted though they shade the light from the street; the general effect is more pleasant than the tawdry brilliance of pre-war days. A similar compromise has been reached over street lighting. Paris is largely lit by gas; the top half of the lamps has been blacked and the volume of light thrown on the ground has been halved by removing one of the two gas mantles in each lighting unit. You can walk up the Champs Elysées and read a newspaper by lamplight. You seldom need a torch in any of the main Paris streets. I remember discussing with a high official the proposal to leave London with decent lighting and in the event of an air-raid warning turn the lights off by a central switch. I was told that the insuperable objection was that crowds of people would be far from home and far from their shelters, and that an air-raid warning followed by sudden blackness would produce a ghastly panic. The argument seemed convincing. Since then I have noticed that on any reasonably fine night, even when it is inky black, parts of the West End are almost as packed with people as they were in pre-war days. Paris, I gather, solves the problem by what seems a sensible compromise. There is a system of blue lights at cross-roads and at other important points in addition to the ordinary lamps. When the preliminary air-raid warning is issued all the street lighting is extinguished except for the blue lights; when the sirens are sounded the blue lights and all lights on vehicles are extinguished. As Paris now believes itself to have an adequate number of street shelters, it is supposed that people could find cover during the period when the blue lights only remain on. Why do not we adopt this method? Sir John Anderson refuses. He is not wont to give reasons, but I suppose they are that London lights are more conspicuous from the air than those of Paris, which is of small area and which consists mainly of high tenement buildings which hide the light in the narrow streets, and that the Paris authorities have a better warning of raids than London since a long stretch of land lies between Paris and Germany. Is the answer adequate? Possibly, but it remains true that Paris is more cheerful than London and cheerfulness, you remember, is officially as important as courage and resolution!

* * *

It is strange to see last war's history repeated in this. I see that one conscientious objector, a Christadelphian, has now been arrested, sentenced to 60 days, and let out after 14. Presumably he will be liable for rearrest again before long. This is the very cat-and-mouse procedure which Mr. Chamberlain deplored in his statement about C.O.'s before the war. He was sensibly anxious to avoid the same degrading muddle this time and to fit them all in to suitable occupations. The effort doesn't seem to be succeeding. There are now about 150 whose appeals have been dismissed and who will presumably refuse their medical examination and be liable to arrest. The Appeal Tribunal is not too happily composed, though H. A. L. Fisher is an old Liberal, who minds about freedom, and Sir Arthur Pugh a Trade Unionist of blameless outlook. *US*, the Mass Observation weekly intelligence service, recently gave some interesting examples of the examination of C.O.'s before this Tribunal. I doubt if any of the three members who compose it has a glimmering of an idea of what a religious mind is like. The Warden of New College is a rationalist, who enjoys arguing historical points with intelligent objectors, but very few of them are intellectuals. Most of them give the impression of being simple-minded and uneducated.

* * *

I deeply regretted Scrutator's death. He was one of the best and most thoughtful of British journalists. No one put so well the commonsense argument for the uncommon folly of British foreign policy during the last eight years. He never wrote an article which did not demand a careful reply. He hated war as much as any of us, though he became during the last war something of an expert on strategy. He was a sensible but enthusiastic Zionist and a Liberal at heart. He learned his trade under C. P. Scott on the *Manchester Guardian*, and the two powerful articles which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* on the eve of war in 1914 urging Britain not to become involved in a Slav-Teutonic struggle were by Herbert Sidebotham. C. P. Scott made a mistake in losing him during the war. He never tried to keep a journalist who got a better financial offer from London, and his view that in that way he got the best of a young man's brains for the *Manchester Guardian* was often justified. But the *Manchester Guardian* lost a lot when Sidebotham became Scrutator and, good

journalist though he remained, I believe that he would have been more influential on behalf of the things he minded about if he had stayed with the *Manchester Guardian*.

* * *

A reader in S. Rhodesia sends me a cutting from the *Bulawayo Chronicle* reporting the trial of a white girl who had had sexual intercourse with a negro. She was sentenced to six months hard labour for contravening the Immorality Suppression Ordinance of 1903. The judge remarked that it was a very serious offence since "it affects not only you, but all other white women in this country—you have lowered their prestige." And yet, as my correspondent points out, there is no law against intercourse between white men and black women. That does not apparently lower prestige. Nor is there a law against unlicensed love as such—it is only punishable for a white girl and a black man. Equally they are forbidden to marry. "The nearest analogy," says my correspondent, "is to be found in Nazi Germany, where, I understand, it is a crime for an Aryan German girl to have intercourse with a Jew. Both are punished, the Jew more heavily. (In the Rhodesian case the negro was sent to prison for a year.) Since I have had to go to Germany for an analogy, I ought to add that we Rhodesians are all very loyal to Britain and 100 per cent. behind her in the war for civilisation against Nazism."

* * *

A press-cutting agency sent me to-day an extract from the *Church Times* which I found at first most puzzling. Under the Week's Great Thought I read:

> On the whole, I think the modern craze for soup is justified.—J. J. in the *New Statesman*.

I think this was meant to be a quotation from Y. Y., who said something of the sort recently about soap.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to W. Davis.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Young Lady (26) desires refined Gentleman Friend (27–30), or R.A.F.—Advert. in *Bristol Evening Post*.

Several months ago I went off to a quiet place to think what I could do to help most people during the war.

"What is it," I thought, "that most people are worrying about at this time? What is the universal question?"

Finally, I decided that everybody's question is this—"How to Make More Money This Year?"

So I have written a book on this question, giving many answers to it.—Herbert Casson in *The Efficiency Magazine*.

You also hear all the news of England. Thus I learn that the Duchess of Marlborough, who holds very high rank in the A.T.S., is soon to be a mother, uniform or no uniform.—Charles Graves, in the *Daily Mail*.

Whenever people of importance and influence gather, there is Lord Castlerosse. He has been described as the greatest gossip writer of the day. He is nothing of the sort. He is the great social philosopher of our age.—*Sunday Express* (Advt.)

At a dairy farm where Land Girls were training, milking was naturally part of the curriculum. In due course they passed out and the men came back to the cowshed. In a few days the cows appeared to be animals with a grievance; they were holding back their milk; the men could do nothing with them; the yield was dropping, and the farmer was distracted.

The farmer's wife put things right. At her suggestion the men sprinkled a little scent on their overalls; they trimmed and painted their finger-nails, made up their lips and faces, and what ho presto! Milking a joy and yield up a gallon a day.—*Farmer and Stock-Breeder*.

"But Octavia was in deadly earnest. Her anger threatened to give way to tears. Louis was the only man in his year at the 'varsity who had not hurried to join up. If he had had ideas, been a conscientious objector, or something queer like that, it wouldn't have been so bad. Then she could really have sneered at him and put him remorselessly outside her life."—From a short story in *Good Taste*.

THAT GERMANY

Variations on the Finnish-Russian Peace

New boundaries have been drawn, but there is as little threat to the Finnish Republic as there is to the Baltic States, which have been brought into harmony with Russia without a war. . . . The Western Powers have suffered a defeat. We live in a time in which the living space of the peoples is being built anew, and it is this which the reactionaries led by England try to prevent.—*Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, March 14th, 1940.

Throughout the period the dominant motive in relation to Scandinavia was for England and France, perhaps for England more than France, the avoidance of war with Russia. Reams of documents were written expressing ideological sympathy with the Finns and promising help for the future, but nothing was done and Finland was allowed to die of her wounds. She has suffered exactly the same fate as Poland.—*Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, March 16th, 1940.

Graf von Pückler, under the headline *The Collapse of Churchill's Grandiose Plan*, writes: It would be quite wrong to suppose that the offers of assistance of the Western Powers to Finland were a bluff. There was a bluff but of a very different sort. If Finland had refused the Russian peace proposals and appealed for Allied help, the Expeditionary Force of the Western Powers would have moved. Without doubt the troops would have landed in Norway and forced their way to Finland through Norway and Sweden. To judge from the *Cossack* incident and the substitution of "humane considerations" for the "pedantry of international law," in Mr. Churchill's own words, the Western Powers would have had no scruples of any sort. Rightly or wrongly, they did not reckon on serious military opposition on the part of Norway or Sweden. . . . Such a move would have produced for Germany an entirely new position. For us the decisive point would have been that thereby enemy troops had landed in Scandinavia. From a political and military point of view, this would have opened two possibilities, but with the same consequences. If the Scandinavian countries had *de facto* accepted the presence of these troops, they would have put themselves by this action in the ranks of Germany's enemies. If they had not, then a counter campaign by German troops would have taken on the character of assistance for Sweden and Norway.—*Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, March 17th, 1940.

Commemoration of March 15th, 1939

An eventful year has passed since that memorable day on which the Führer decided to take the Czech people under the protection of the Reich; a decision which has brought extraordinary fruitful results for the Czech people: Bohemia and Moravia have become islands of peace and busy industry. Little imagination is needed to picture what would have happened to the Czech people if in their hour of need providence had granted them not a Hacha, but a Benes. The examples of Poland and Finland show with overwhelming emphasis what happens to small peoples when they defy the laws of their living space and lend their ears to foreign and malevolent whispers. . . . The generous attitude of Germany stands in startling contrast to the dirty egoism with which England and France seek to force little peoples into the service of their war strategy. —*Völkischer Beobachter*, March 16th, 1940.

M. Reynaud's Cabinet

. . . Germany follows developments in France with attention, but with calm. Our conclusion is that this mood of disquiet in France, this wish that something must happen at last, all this is in the last resort the result of the success of German policy and of our methods of prosecuting the war.—*Frankfurter Zeitung*, March 21st, 1940.

The Allies and the Soviets

The treatment of the Soviet Union by our opponents since that August night in the Kremlin, when von Ribbentrop signed the pact with Stalin and Molotov, is a striking proof of the fact that London and Paris refuse to recognise the new order in East Europe. They are quite unable to assess it by the usual standards of British and French power politics. On the one side they take the very greatest care to keep Russian East Poland quite separate from their war aims against Germany; right up to the last Finland declaration of Chamberlain and Daladier, just before the end of the war, they were behaving as though one could apply sanctions in Scandinavia without making war on the Soviet Union. . . . Their mistake is always the same. The peoples of Scandinavia and of the Near East, who have since the beginning of the war received two separate lessons in the real significance of Franco-British assistance, have no desire to afford a field of military operations against the German-Russian bloc. Moreover, the disappearance of Versailles Poland and the Finnish-Russian peace have already proved that the great revision of the *status quo* of 1919 in Eastern Europe does not involve a change or even a threat to all frontiers. The rapprochement between Germany and Russia will not bring the arbitrary disruption of nations and re-alignment of powers from the White Sea to the Black, but a new and permanent order.—*Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, March 16th, 1940.

DALADIER AND REYNAUD

WHAT has happened in Paris these last few days is extremely odd. In the last two months one had the pleasant feeling—or should one say the illusion—that Parliamentary Government in France was coming into its own again; and that the expulsion of the Communists from the Chamber had, in a curious way, created a saner and more business-like atmosphere in the place. Their presence in the Chamber had always led to dog-fights, even before the war; if they were in the Chamber now, preaching pacifism on Stalin-Nazi lines, the place would be altogether impossible. It was partly to defend parliamentary institutions that the Socialists voted for the expulsion of their one-time allies in the *Front Populaire*.

Anyone who remembers Daladier from November, 1938, onward—from the day he broke the General Strike—knows that he felt a peculiar kind of spite against the Communists, and indirectly against the whole *Front Populaire* heritage, and a curious lack of sympathy for "urban France." He proceeded to "turn France into a giant workshop." By breaking the General Strike he virtually smashed the Trade Unions (it is only too true that the Communists were the originators of the Strike, but that was poor consolation for Jouhaux and Co.), and decree followed upon decree scrapping the 40-hour week, and increasing production on a more "economical" basis. There can be no doubt that Daladier had the bulk of French opinion, and particularly provincial opinion, behind him; and he certainly did much to prepare France, both materially and psychologically, for the war which he knew to be inevitable. His North African trip, in reply to the Italian clamour for "Corsica and Tunis," was immensely popular in the country, and, by January, 1939, he had already lost what Munich illusions he may still have had. He was extremely pessimistic about the international situation; and when in March the Germans marched into Prague, he knew for certain that the war was coming. When Daladier went before the Chamber to ask for his plenary powers he did it with a display of contempt and in a peremptory tone which had never been heard in the Chamber before. But he felt that *la province* (well cured by now of its Munich illusions) was with him; and the Chamber knew it too.

From March, 1939, right down to a few weeks ago, Daladier continued to treat the Chamber in a high-handed manner, and to have as little to do with it as possible. In December he secured from it unlimited plenary powers for the duration of the war; and it looked as though Parliamentary Government had been put in cold storage for heaven knows how long. Besides, he had nothing to fear from Parliament. The Socialists, under the guidance of Blum, who had gone completely *guesdiste* in his patriotic attitude to the war, were doing their best to create an atmosphere of national unity in the Chamber, and Blum was Leader of the Opposition in much the same way as Mr. Attlee. He offered criticisms and suggestions, but, in fact, gave the Government a perfectly free hand.

By January things began to change. There was discontent over all kinds of things; there were economic hardships; there were agricultural difficulties; and great annoyance was caused everywhere by the censorship. Daladier thought it advisable to allow a little ventilation. It must be said that in the two debates on the censorship and on agriculture the Chamber was at its best; one almost began to believe in a real revival of Parliamentary criticism. The former debate produced the spectacular promise from M. Daladier to "make all political comment perfectly free from to-night"; and the latter produced an intelligent discussion, which brought to the surface a lot of unpleasant and disquieting facts about agricultural production, the cost of living, etc., which had until then been withheld from public notice. In practice, Daladier's promise about the censorship was not as cut-and-dried as it seemed on the face of it; but that is a story apart. However, it was something; and it showed that Daladier was beginning to take heed of Parliamentary opinion. He felt perhaps that his popularity and authority were not quite what they were at the beginning of the war, and that he could not well afford to ignore the Chamber altogether. He thought they did not dare to overthrow him; but he knew that there was, in the Chamber, a great accumulation against him of all kinds of grievances. For one thing, he could not be bothered receiving once a week, as all Ministers do, *MM. les parlementaires* who wished to see him personally; and thought he had other, more important, matters to do. For this and other reasons the Chamber frankly disliked Daladier.

And then came the Finnish collapse. On the previous day Daladier disclosed, though in somewhat ambiguous terms, the nature of the proposed allied help to Finland. The Chamber felt that this was "neither one thing nor the other"; and when Finland capitulated, there was a loud outcry against the Government, and a clamour for "something new" and "something different." It was a little odd to hear the heroic M. Flandin clamour for "new men and new methods"—the very Flandin who, after the collapse of Poland, did not see any very strong reason for going on with the war. In this sudden clamour there was a little of everything; an accumulation of discontent and grievances; a feeling that the Allies had again suffered a diplomatic defeat (and "what else could one expect with Daladier too busy elsewhere to look after his third job, the Quai d'Orsay?"); and, on the Right especially, the bitter annoyance that the chance of having a go at the Russians had been missed. For, apart from the strategic merits of a war against Russia, there were, on the Right, also all sorts of ideological considerations which made such a war desirable. The *Temps* and the *Figaro* and the *Action Française* had been clamouring for it since the very day the Russians invaded Finland. For my own part, I always thought that the hullabaloo in the press about "French opinion" being horrified and flabbergasted by the Finnish collapse was greatly exaggerated. Even so, it was felt that something new was wanted. Finland had certainly shocked people; and considerable nervousness had also been caused by all the peace talk surrounding Mr. Sumner Welles's trip.

This anxiety and this discontent were voiced, in a polite form, by the Senate when, at the end of its secret session on March 14th, they passed unanimously (less 60 votes) a motion of confidence in which the Government was expected to pursue the war "with increased energy" towards a victorious end. It was generally assumed that in the course of the secret session M. Daladier promised to reform his Cabinet. But then three days passed, and nothing happened; and when the secret session opened in the Chamber on March 19th, there was much annoyance with this, and also with the fact that Daladier had preferred to go to the Senate before coming before the Chamber; and, at the end of the secret session, a similar motion was passed by only 239 votes, and 300 members abstained. This astonishing vote was readily interpreted by Daladier as meaning a defeat for the Government, and he resigned. He refused the President's request to form the new Cabinet; and M. Reynaud, regarded for a long time as M. Daladier's most likely successor, was called upon. He was known as "le Dauphin," and it is said that Daladier was a little jealous of him, and thought the tone of his otherwise admirable broadcasts "a little too much as though he were already Prime Minister."

Reynaud has been taking the war more seriously than anybody; and already in November he warned the people of France that, unless a tremendous effort was made by everybody, "this war might well be lost." He also warned them against making fun of the food restrictions in Germany; they, were, he said, a sign of German strength. He carried great authority, both in France and in England—for he was the soul behind the Anglo-French financial agreements, and the most eloquent exponent of Anglo-French solidarity. Only, in Parliament, M. Reynaud had no real backing. Strictly speaking, he did not belong to any party. In the Cabinet he and Mandel represented in 1938 the anti-Munich tendency,

and nearly resigned on that occasion. He was suspect to the Right for that reason. Therefore his chances of success in building up his Cabinet were small. He succeeded, none the less, chiefly by enlisting the support of the Socialists who, since the days when he wiped the floor with Laval (whom he accused of being anti-democratic and anti-British), had always found him rather *sympathique*. So he formed his Cabinet; but when it came to presenting it to the Chamber, the trouble started.

Already in the morning, the greater part of the press had been reserved, hostile, critical, or plainly offensive. Although the Socialists, with 158 members, are the largest party in the Chamber, their inclusion in the Cabinet seemed not "playing the game." Part of the press howled that Reynaud was taking France "back to the *Front Populaire*." The hostility of the Chamber was terrific. The Ministerial declaration, which began with the words: "France has entered a total war," and which was quite Clemencist in style and brevity, merely received some applause from the Socialists, the rest of the House, and particularly the Radicals, keeping silent. And then the good, peacetime mud-slinging started, with the Right, infuriated by the inclusion of the Socialists in the Cabinet, bringing all sorts of wild charges against M. Reynaud who, they said, had plotted with Blum for the overthrow of Daladier, and so on, and so on. The queerest thing of all was that the onslaught was opened by a person called Gallimand, a Radical-Socialist. Almost as queer was the fact that M. Daladier was not on the Government bench, but at the Senate where he "received an ovation," as was reported in the Chamber lobbies. It was very odd. So the Senate were wanting Daladier back, were they? it was asked. And the Chamber? Here the mud-slinging went on for several hours. Blum and the Socialists, for their part, pleaded for the Government, saying that their inclusion in the Cabinet would have a very reassuring effect on the morale of the working class, who had been left out in the cold, as it were, for over a year. But among the Radicals something strange was going on. Bonnet, one of the victims of the Government change (for Reynaud wouldn't have him in his Government at any price), sitting arm-in-arm with Malvy, was visibly enjoying the debate, as the Government was getting into hotter and hotter water.

In the end the Government scraped through by 268 votes to 156, and 111 abstentions; that is, taking account of the abstentions, by a majority of one! If the Chamber did not want this Government, then why, one naturally asked, had they turned out Daladier three days earlier? The answer is that: (1) the Right did not expect to see (horror of horrors!) three Socialists among the ministers—their hatred of the *Front Populaire* had made them almost forget that a war was on; (2) they were ready to forgive Daladier everything, and had also been impressed by his reception at the Senate; and (3) since the Chamber had overthrown Daladier, innumerable letters had come to the Chamber from the rural constituencies asking why? For, in rural France, Daladier's authority was still enormous; and it had not been greatly upset by the Finnish collapse.

Was Reynaud going to resign in the circumstances? He decided to stay on, after a Cabinet meeting at which all his colleagues "assured him of their loyalty." What mattered was M. Daladier's loyalty, without which Reynaud could no longer count on even a small number of Radical votes. The moral of the day is that the Reynaud Government will go on as long as Daladier wants it to go on, and not a day longer. Internationally, that extraordinary day has not done France any harm (for Reynaud and Daladier are equally determined to go ahead with the war); but the Chamber meeting was certainly a poor recommendation for French Democracy; and its realisation, on second thoughts, that it had been wrong in turning out Daladier in the first place, pointed, especially among the Right, to a frivolous impulsiveness. The world might have been spared this exhibition. It made me sick, when I remembered that at lunch-time that same day I had said good-bye to Jean, an amusing little fellow of a waiter in the brasserie round the corner. He was 41; he had a wife and three children who were now going to get 22 frs. a day to live on. His two brothers had been killed in the last war. He had just been called up, and was going off the next day. He was quite cheerful about it all. "*Que voulez-vous? Faut bien.*"

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, March 23rd.

TIPPING

THERE is yet another agitation on foot to put an end to tipping. This ought to be supported by all those who are in the habit of giving excessive tips, since it is they who will save most money if it succeeds. Yet it is the heavy tipsters, I am sure, who would most regret to see tipping done away with. Tipping lavishly is a luxury to those who indulge in it. They are ready to pay for one of their favourite pleasures—the pleasure of seeing bright and welcoming faces when they enter a familiar resort and of leaving behind them, wherever they go, a little world that is temporarily more radiant because of their existence.

To tip in a princely fashion is to have the illusion of being a prince—a prince all of whose subjects are devoted and happy. Generosity, if you can afford it, must be one of the most agreeable forms of self-indulgence. Who does not envy Henry Irving throwing sovereigns about as carelessly as though they were confetti, and Phil May who was equally reckless with his five-pound notes? There can, I agree, be a taint of vulgarity in ostentatious tipping. There are men who give enormous tips merely in order to impress other people with the fact that they possess an enormous amount of money. It is as though every coin or note they part with had the boast, "I am a rich man," stamped on it. To tip excessively is a commendable act only if, like Phil May, you do not know the value of money, take no particular pride in possessing it, and if you are one of those people of whom it is said that money burns a hole in their pockets.

I do not think, however, that the mere possession of a great deal of money inclines a man as a rule to give large tips. Among the rich, as among those of moderate means, men may be divided into three classes—the born tipsters, the conventional tipsters, and the reluctant tipsters. The conventional tipsters are probably in a majority. They accept it as one of the customs of society to pay roughly 10 per cent. on their bills as tips, and they pay this without being conscious either of pleasure or of anguish. The reluctant tipster, on the other hand, groans over the necessity of having to give a tip at all. If he were courageous enough, he would never do so. As it is, he confines his tips to the smallest possible amount. I know a rich man who, if he is paying a bill of eleven shillings, carefully counts out eleven pennies for the waiter on the principle of "a penny in the shilling," and who in such circumstances would rather commit the indignity of asking the waiter for change than present him with a round shilling. I know other men who cannot enjoy staying at hotels because, on the day on which they leave, they endure the agonies of hunted hares, with hounds in the form of waiters, chambermaids, lift-boys, boots, cloakroom attendants and doorkeepers in greedy pursuit. I remember being with a man who, having undergone an experience of this kind, mopped the sweat from his brow as he took his seat in the train for home and said to me, with a self-congratulatory chuckle: "Well, thank Heaven, I managed to avoid the lift-boy's eye at any rate." To have evaded even one small tip was some consolation for the torture he had gone through.

The number of reluctant tipsters is probably greater than most people imagine. I once stayed in an unlicensed hotel on the South Coast, in which an obviously distressed chambermaid had written in ink under the notice about mealtimes on my bedroom wall the pathetic sentence: "Guests are reminded that tips are not included in the bill." The hotel-servants certainly looked for the most part as melancholy as

hens on a wet day. They had the appearance of never having been tipped properly in their lives. I gathered from the atmosphere of the place that I had arrived at one of the resorts of the reluctant tipsters. The guests, I must say, looked almost as profoundly depressed as the chambermaids and the waiters. In the present world the non-tipper and the untipped live in an equal inferno.

There is a small group of reluctant tipsters, however, who are not mean so much as sadistic. They have an instinctive love of teasing, and to disappoint the avarice of hotel-servants appeals to their perverted sense of humour. I know a wealthy doctor who boasts of having deliberately walked out of a luxurious hotel, distributing barren smiles instead of silver among the staff that had so assiduously ministered to his comfort and were now waiting in rows to be rewarded for it. I have always considered this a cruel joke, but I think the man who perpetrated it deserved the V.C. for his bravery. Some time ago a waitress in a restaurant pointed out to me an old gentleman whose sense of humour was of much the same kind. "Do you see the old gent at the corner table?" she said. "He's a comic, if you like. We call him the Dewdrop. Every night, when the waitress gives him his bill, he puts down sixpence beside his plate, and, if the waitress doesn't take it up at once, he snatches it back and puts it in his pocket again and says: 'Ah, you weren't quick enough. You'll have to do better than that next time,' and goes off into a long chuckle. Of course, we've got to know him now, and make a grab at the sixpence as soon as we see it. But sometimes a new waitress gets caught out. Still, I don't think he's mean—not really. It's just his funny way of being funny."

If tipping is effectively abolished, the Dewdrop, I am afraid, will have to invent a new joke.

Most of the sound arguments are undoubtedly in favour of its abolition. Tipping is an offence against the spirit of equality. After all, if it is right to give tips in return for small services, why do we not slip a few shillings into the hand of a hostess as we leave her after having enjoyed an unusually good dinner? Equality forbids. It may seem odd that a hostess who will accept a gift of flowers with pleasure would be offended if you sent her the money the flowers cost instead. Yet we are such slaves to symbolism that it is unlikely that, even in the most commercial capitals, "Say it with sterling" will ever take the place of "Say it with flowers" as a social rule. Flowers, being useless, symbolise equality. Tips of small sums of money are relics of a world riven into classes.

Not that in practice tipping a person always or necessarily gives one a sense of superiority to the person tipped. I do not remember ever having felt superior to any one in this fashion since as a small boy I first tipped a barber and was terrified lest a man with so beautifully-trained a moustache should be insulted by a present of a few coppers. Many people, I believe, continue all through their lives to look on the head-waiter whom they tip as their superior. Most of us tip, not as an act of condescension, but as an easy expression of gratitude. Realising that men in various positions, such as waiters, railway-porters and taxi-drivers, depend on tips for part of their living, we give them small sums of money instead of carnations or roses. Perhaps, when incomes become more nearly equal, it will become the custom to present a taxi-driver with a rose at the end of the journey. It would be a pity if the custom of making small gifts perished utterly. They help, at least, to keep life good-humoured—one of the first needs of a civilised society.

Are those who advocate the abolition of tips quite sure, I wonder, that service will be as good and as good-humoured after their abolition as before? Most of us cannot tell, since when we are abroad we always give tips, whether they have been abolished or not. I remember, however, lunching at a restaurant in Rome at which I deeply regretted the abolition of tipping. The first dish I ordered—something with chickens' livers in it—was so enormous that by the time I had finished it, I could not eat another bite. The waiter, knowing that he was legally entitled to 10 per cent. of the cost of everything I ate, pressed one dish after another on me with the eagerness of a salesman working on commission, but I could not oblige him. The head waiter came up and added his supplications almost angrily—a rare thing in Italy. I should have liked to say to them: "Don't worry. I will leave a tip equal to 30 per cent. on the bill. No waiter's children shall suffer on my account." But one cannot do such things. One merely feels ashamed of having added to the anxieties of one's fellows, slips some money under the plate, and leaves the restaurant, resolved never to enter it again unless one is ravenous.

It would be a disaster if tipping were forbidden by law and a charge of 10 per cent. on the bill substituted for it and if, as a result of this, we were in danger of being bullied into gluttony by waiters eager to make us eat in order that they might live.

Meanwhile, until tipping has been abolished, do not be dissuaded from giving good tips by those reluctant tipsters who tell you: "The people you overtip only despise you for it." I often wonder where the reluctant tipsters get their evidence for this common assertion. I have often been with a friend who overtipped, and I have never seen a waiter's lip curl in consequence. As a rule, the waiter's expression has struck me as being rather friendly. It was not an overtipped taxi-driver who said bitterly, after describing how a woman had given him a threepenny tip at the end of a long journey: "I don't eat sweets." If I were rich, I should run the risk of giving Phil-May tips and being despised. How sordid, how Robottish, in comparison seems that mathematical 10 per cent. on the bill!

Y. Y.

Miscellany

COUNTRY NOTES

Lencten-tid

THE Saxons gave the month of March this name, not so much in deference to the great Christian fast which we call Lent as to the lengthening of the days. They also called it the rough month (Hreth monath), or the boisterous month (Hlyd monath), but for us it remains, more unpleasantly, the month which the Romans dedicated to the god of war.

This year Easter fell early; it fell so nearly on Our Lady's Day, which is March 25th in the Catholic calendar, as to recall the old couplet with sinister intent:

> When my Lord falls in my Lady's lap,
> England beware of some mishap,

which in turn reminds me of the unfortunately named Lady Day, to whom a wag addressed a letter:

> The 25th of March,
> Foley Place,
> London.

The Post Office unravelled the puzzle and the letter was duly delivered.

Belated Spring

Even allowing for the fact that this garden is always a late garden, being somewhat exposed to the winds on the top of a little hill, the spring does come unconscionably slowly up this way this year. Perhaps 1939 was misleading. A mild January and February brought everything forward in an alarming fashion. I am not good at keeping an ordinary diary, but I do take notes fairly and conscientiously in a special gardening diary, so looking back over my recorded dates of 1939 I discover discrepancies between that spring and this. I find, for example, that last year the Algerian Iris had been in full flower since the first week in February, whereas this year it evidently has no intention of flowering at all; Iris reticulata was in bloom in the open by February 19th, and this year it is exactly a month later; the common almond was a pink cloud by March 12th, the forsythia a fountain of gold, the Crown

Imperials beginning to show colour. This year the almonds are still black, the forsythia barely yellow, the Crown Imperials only a few green inches out of the ground; the only consolation in one's impatience is that a few days of sunshine, if we ever get them, will bring out a rush of flower in unusual companionship.

Talking of unusual companionship, here is a plant-association of dark and regal splendour offered as a suggestion to gardening readers who enjoy making experiments. (A different type of season might, of course, upset the coincidence of blooming, but this year it would have worked to perfection.) Under three or four bushes of the rose-red daphne mezereon grow a large patch of the deepest purple crocus with Iris reticulata coming up amongst them and surround the whole patch with a wide belt of Primula Wanda. Plant if possible where the low rays of the setting sun will strike across them in the evening. A background of red willow, *Salix britzensis*, neatly pollarded and throwing up its wands incarnadine, will increase the really amazing richness of the glow. Extend this suggestion at your will. For instance, you might surround your belt of Primula Wanda with a further belt of violets, and then again with a third belt of the little pink violet called Cœur d'Alsace. The scheme could grow indefinitely like ripples spreading in a pond.

The Weeping Willow

I see that I have mentioned willows once again in these notes, and that reminds me of an anecdote I had forgotten about the weeping willow. It is not generally realised that we owe all our weeping willows to the most unexpected person —Alexander Pope. One does not think of Pope primarily as a gardener, but evidently he must have possessed a shrewd horticultural sense, for he pulled a withy out of the basket containing a present of figs sent from Smyrna to Lady Suffolk, and remarking "Perhaps this will produce something we have not in England," carried it off with him to Twickenham, stuck it into the ground, and thus gave root to the solitary parent of all future weeping willows in England.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

MODERN ARCHITECTURE

IT is one of the peculiarities of the English mind that it judges contemporary affairs by intentions instead of results. Thus Mr. Chamberlain's policy of appeasement, having led immediately to war, is regarded as the greatest possible success by the majority of those whom the war will inevitably ruin. Thus Ruskin, despite his profound sense of aesthetic values, could distinguish between the moral and the immoral in architecture. Thus Mr. Richards, in his excellent compendium of the history of modern architecture,* is concerned not so much with the objects which this style has given us to look at, as with the social and industrial ideas which have promoted its development. What Mr. Richards says in effect is, you may not like modern architecture, but you must at least admire the purpose and sincerity that have inspired its exponents. What he implies is that if, having taken these considerations into account, you still do not like modern architecture, you are an unworthy member of society. Thus he asks that modern architecture should be judged not by permanent standards, by the common language of composition, rhythm and punctuation which defines all good building of whatever date or climate, but by a separate criterion which is as personal to this age as Ruskin's theory of immorality was to his.

It is easy to see and to sympathise with the attitude of mind underlying this argument. Architecture, says Mr. Richards, is a social art; and he belabours those architects "who regard buildings merely as isolated occasions for putting in practice their personal talent for invention." In other words, the architect should be the servant of the community. On his understanding of the community's needs, whether at home or in the factory or in the open air, depends a great part of the community's happiness. The function of the architect therefore is to bend his powers of planning and invention to serve these needs and so promote the happiness of a collectivised society. He must approach his drawing board, in fact, in the same spirit as a medical officer or a nutrition expert, that is to say, he must have the individual man, woman and child in the forefront of his mind whatever he designs. Just as Mansard built Versailles for a king, with all the appurtenances due to the greatest court in Europe, so the architect of to-day must build flats for mothers of six, with the sink in proximity to the plate-rack. This is the philosophy of modern architecture, and when extended to objects such as bridges and aeroplane hangars, where the human being no longer holds the centre of the stage, it still produces its own logical forms, which derive from the essential elements of construction and eschew any concession to grace or style.

So far so good. But now let us meet Mr. Richards on his own ground. Mr. Richards, I think, will not quarrel with Sir Henry Wootton's definition that "well-building hath three conditions: commodity, firmness and delight." If commodity, or as we say to-day convenience, takes first place in the philosophy of the modern architecture, its exponents will nevertheless admit that whatever else a building may do, it must stand up, and also that, as Mr. Richards himself frequently asserts, it ought in some degree to please the eye. The question is in what degree. And it is there that the doctrine set forth by Mr. Richards diverges from the traditional canon of well-building. Commodity first and delight afterwards, is the battle cry of the modernists. Whereas tradition says that commodity without delight is impossible. For love of good design is a permanent human attribute, however much taste may vary with contemporary accidents. It is not enough to get the sun on the balcony or put the sink near the plate-rack. People ask more than that. They ask of the places where they live, work or play, a personality in which they can share, one which will give them friendship and lend its dignity to reinforce their own. Without this personality a building may be said to fail in convenience, because however well planned it may be in other respects, it fails to provide its inmates with a part of the happiness which they are entitled to expect from the architecture about them.

Let me give an example. I happen to be working at the moment in the modern offices of a public corporation not a hundred feet from All Souls, Langham Place. The work is interesting, the office equipment efficient. But I myself suffer a grave sense of personal inconvenience and distaste every time I enter the building, simply because the ceilings of the passages are too low for their width, so that one experiences a kind of compression in the top of the skull, while in the whole building there is hardly a single room whose walls meet at right angles. Thus the day is passed in anarchy; one's eye, instead of receiving the solace due to it from any four walls and a ceiling, rests on a chaos in which lines and dimensions have no more meaning than the tangles of a mesozoic swamp, with the result that the work is more tiring and less well performed than it otherwise would be. Contrast this with the War Office. There inconvenience reaches a positive zenith. Passages are filled with beds which have not been moved since the Crimea, and officers of all ranks may be found grouped at trestle tables under conditions more reminiscent of a camp in the Pamirs than the stately piles of Whitehall. Yet the rooms and passages, enormous and unsuitable as they may be, have coherence. The eyes are met by meaning, by ratios and volume mathematically calculated. No one would pretend that the War Office is a good building. But its architect did at least consider the dignity of those who would inhabit it and believed that their contentment and efficiency demanded the provision of apprehensible form. The modern architect may pay lip service to this belief also. But when confronted, as architects always are, by the task of reconciling a formal conception with certain physical and mechanical conveniences, he throws up the sponge aesthetically while still claiming to be an artist on the grounds that machinery has a beauty of its own. He comes in fact to believe that by thinking purely in terms of usefulness, he can produce a good design. He does not say, this is the best I can do under the circumstances; it is not architecture, but at least it is unpretentious and workmanlike. On the contrary, he sets up as an apostle, and dubs anyone who happens to mind about the shape of a room or the depth of a window setting a dangerous reactionary.

Thus it is not modern architecture so much as the doctrinal intransigence of the modern architect that conflicts with the traditional conception of good building. As we know now, the modern style has not been a great success in England; the last ten years have shown that its smooth surfaces will not stand up to the English climate, while its interior lack of detail is equally unable to resist the impact of human occupation. But this is not to say that the leaders of the movement, once they can be

* Modern Architecture by J. M. Richards (Pelican, 6d.)

distinguished from their claims to govern the future, have not performed a service. Indeed their service has been very great. They have faced and brought to light the problem of bringing architecture into relation with the changing structure of modern society, and though it remains to be seen whether a solution of this problem is possible in terms of real architecture, it is thanks to them that architects can no longer escape from it. Furthermore, they have created a true idiom of design, which informs and unites buildings of such diverse inspiration and purpose as Lenin's Tomb, certain stations of the London Passenger Transport Board and the central tower of the Rockefeller Centre in New York. I mention these three because they deserve to survive as works of art. And the reason why they so deserve is because in each case they have departed from mere usefulness and allowed the old virtues of form, style and pride to come creeping back again. These are architecture. As such, they will speak decently of that short but fascinating epoch which came to an end last September.

ROBERT BYRON

SPRING

RACK upon rack of leaves all elbowing
From end to end of every bony wood,
And frill upon frill of water hanging
From hill to hill, and over all, in tiers,
The tiny shrapnel-bursts of song that hood
And hem the climbing lark-tunnelling clear.

All the bells and hullaballoes of joy
Ring in the tingling flesh of bull and boy,
Everywhere in our loud and lighted land
The lewdest notions now make holiday,
Now on the least mouse-blink of nakedness
Pounces the lion, Lust. Limbs and lambs play.

Old lonely men lean back in limousines,
Fingers buttoned loosely over bellies,
Looking fixedly ahead as they slide
Silently on like shadows across screens
Past the Easter crowds banked up on pavements,
Waiting for a wedding, mobbing a bride.

W. R. RODGERS

WHAT YOU HEAR

(In this column, which we hope to make a fortnightly feature, Monitor will discuss the war of words conducted on the wireless and elsewhere.)

IN radio and propaganda circles argument still rages on the importance of Lord Haw-Haw. And, as usual, policy only forms slowly, vaguely, dealing with the problems of enemy propaganda in an *ad hoc* way. Lord Haw-Haw is in fact the most striking new feature of the war so far, a first-rank entertainment and instructional leader in this country, and the first we have ever had whom we have not seen and hardly know by name. His listening audience has probably been increased by the great publicity he has obtained, by the innumerable press references to him, the variety show named after him, radio critic Jonah Barrington's book—Barrington invented the name for Haw-Haw, variously stated to be Baillie-Stewart or William Wicks, but more recently believed to be Joyce, ex-organiser of Fascism in this country, whose face was razor-slashed in an East End anti-Semitic argument. Joyce's wife divorced him years ago, and recently told the *Daily Herald* (March 2nd): "He had a vile temper and was always just as sarcastic towards me as he sounds on the wireless. . . ." Joyce joined the Army when he was fifteen and was considered so intensely patriotic that when he was in bed with a cold, so the story runs, friends came in and played the National Anthem just to see him leap out and stand to attention—a process they repeated on various instruments, until he got pneumonia. As ex-Mrs. Joyce put it, "I think his trouble is that he is too brainy."

To answer this Corporal Blimp, the B.B.C. occasionally have what I can best describe as "little talks" to Haw-Haw. They don't seem to have decided whether he should be answered thoroughly or not, so they just answer him occasionally and in general, although North Regional Director John Coatman somewhat optimistically told a Liverpool audience (March 12th) that "the Germans have continually to find a new kind of liar. It must be most dispiriting to them to have their lies blotted out by the B.B.C." No 1 blotter-out is the now famous Friday night advisor "Onlooker," who has even answered Haw-Haw directly once or twice. But somehow or other Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C., doesn't seem to pull off his light-weight platitudes and small ironic allusions so well on the microphone as he does in court. Learned criminal defence Counsel seemed to have difficulty in defending his client against the invisible accusing enemy State.

Then last week-end, after the news, we suddenly got Mr. Christopher Stone on the subject. Now Christopher Stone is a delightful radio heart-to-hearter, along with John Hilton and S. P. B. Mais. He talks on anything and everything in the cosy, "I'm in the room with you," atmosphere which is uniquely radio, intensely boring in large doses, and seldom achieved by anyone (Haw-Haw does it well but too much). When Mr. Stone makes a radio appeal on behalf of some charity on Sundays, he gets more money than anybody else. Therefore we frequently hear him making such appeals. But his aim, like John Hilton's or Mr. Middleton's, is essentially at our kindliness and homeliness and general sentimentality; not at our toughness. He is the benign radio uncle. In his new role of British propagandist and defender of our ears, Mr. Stone, I thought, was unhappy. He started off in a jovial way by telling us that he listened to Haw-Haw just as we all did. Then he warmed to it, made great play with how funny Haw-Haw was, and how he listened himself because it was a joke. Actually, while all the leaders and the papers go round saying Haw-Haw is funny, that is not the private opinion of many individuals who listen to him, and certainly not their most deep-seated feeling about him—and probably nearly a quarter of the households in the country have listened to him sometime during the past week! But Mr. Stone had it that he was merely funny, if insolent, and then got down to the cross-talk, referring to "little propaganda twerps," "dirty little men" and so on. As an averagely intelligent person who was listening with me at the time put it: "For once, I felt no respect for Christopher Stone. Somehow that broadcast struck the wrong note. You only call people dirty at school because you are frightened of them." I rather agreed. I felt personally that the B.B.C. had rather misjudged things. I was therefore much amazed to hear once more this Saturday, at the peak listening hour immediately after the 9 o'clock news, another talk from Christopher Stone against Lord Haw-Haw, in which he told us that "last week I said a few rather rude things," "exaggeration cuts no ice with any of us," and that Haw-Haw was "every bit as much an enemy, though not so brave an enemy, as the German soldier." And he developed a new propaganda device, a little sneering laugh interpolated through his remarks.

Surely there is something in between "Onlooker's" ponderous replies and Stone's "Bounder of the Remove" retorts. If we are to have replies to Haw-Haw, what about a regular Saturday night programme in which there is a discussion of his remarks, and a proper answer to his statements which could be rebroadcast from records. We should all enjoy, and profit by an argument on the spot (in a spontaneous atmosphere) by such people as Vernon Bartlett, Herbert Hodge (the taxi-driver), Charlie Garner (the Cockney darts commentator), and Harold Nicolson. Any ideas you have on the subject will interest me and can be discussed in this column another time.

MONITOR

THE MOVIES

"Elizabeth and Essex," at the Warner Theatre
"Drums Along the Mohawk," at the Gaumont
"Another Thin Man," at the Empire

Technicolor is a medium which is exploited so elaborately for its own sake that it distracts not only the audience but the director. *Elizabeth and Essex* and *Drums Along the Mohawk* display such a galaxy of colour, and paint such a wide becostumed canvas in picture postcard hues, that plot and performance are almost forgotten in the fun of playing with the garish new toy. *Elizabeth and Essex* is adapted (rather freely one would imagine) from Maxwell Anderson's play, and the result resembles something between a country house charade and the Runnymede pageant. What a magnificent film this strange distorted love story could have made if the facts (as they are accepted) had been adhered to, rather than a banal "1066 And All That" plot to satisfy the conventions of screen love and the conjectured tastes of the cinema audience. The return of Essex from Cadiz (with which the

picture opens), his fallings in and out of favour, his adventure in Ireland, and his execution—condensed into a mere few months—form the nucleus of the film. No account is taken of the fact that at the time of his execution Elizabeth was in her late sixties, and the film fades out on a middle-aged Elizabeth who had little or no reason for breaking the mirrors in the Palace of Whitehall. And still less for executing Essex. Bette Davis gives an extraordinary performance as the Queen, though employing her familiar technique—American, volatile, youthful and utterly un-Tudor—she somehow manages to convince by her intensity. Errol Flynn may have been subtly attempting to convey that he did not believe for a moment that Essex ever loved Elizabeth, but as the authors are convinced that he did, Mr. Flynn and the part are at cross purposes. The *decor* is in the most lavish stockbroker-Tudor style—linen-fold panelling, fire-dogs, and leaded panes form a background for Miss Davis's really magnificent costumes and the intrigues of Sir Walter Raleigh, Francis Bacon, and Lord Burghley. The language is tactfully managed, but the film is pervaded by a refinement not at all suggestive of Tudor vitality, or broadness, and highly Technicolored beyond the limits of credulity.

Drums Along the Mohawk relies on the magnificent scenery of the Mohawk valley photographed in the boldest of colours to embellish a rather commonplace story of Indians and Palefaces. The period is the American War of Independence, the plot that every time a Paleface builds himself a nice farm, the Indians egged on by the Tories burn it down; the climax a terrific battle with the Indians storming the tiny camp and driven off in the nick of time. It is rather odd that so many films of this type, crude, violent, nationalistic, have appeared since the war began: perhaps the reason is that they are conscious or unconscious outlets for the universal sadistic impulses which become intensified in time of war and at the same time isolationist propaganda; certainly this film is quite consciously pacifist in intention: to provide an antidote and point a moral at the same time is quite an achievement. Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda work very hard in the fields and at the same time preserve their glamour—also quite an achievement.

Another Thin Man, or rather the same one again, brings William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Asta to the screen again. This team under the direction of W. S. Van Dyke has such a reputation for slickness and wise-cracking that they have quite a visibly hard time living up to it. Aubrey Smith is given an early and happy release in order to supply the corpse, and villainy is suavely defeated by the admirable Mr. Powell. Myrna Loy looks charming and like everyone else seems thoroughly to enjoy it all. The enjoyment is really quite infectious.

M.G.M., apparently with the blessing of The Ministry of Information, have produced three excellent Anti-Gossip shorts. Each film shows the consequences of idle talk and information inadvertently passed on: a factory where valuable research is being carried on is blown up, a ship is sunk, and a carefully planned air raid thwarted, as a result of gossip. The films are well acted, and more than adequately written; they should fulfil, if they do not overdo their purpose—such horrid consequences for such inadvertent and innocent chatter will possibly make anyone who knows anything unable even to talk about the weather.

ANTHONY BOWER

THE COMING WEEK

SUNDAY, March 31st—
- Prof. G. W. Keeton: "Education for Democracy," Conway Hall, 11.
- Beecham Sunday Concert, Queen's Hall, 2.45.

MONDAY, April 1st—
- Barbara Wootton: "Why a Socialist Supports Federal Union," 12 Gt. Newport Street, 7.45.
- Poetry Recital by C. Day Lewis in aid of British Red Cross Fund, Central Hall, 1.15.
- Ballet season reopens, Sadler's Wells.

TUESDAY, April 2nd—
- Gerald Bailey: "The New International Order," Friends House, 1.20.
- Dr. Karl Mannheim: "Human Nature and the Social Order," I.S.T.D., 8 Portman Street, 6.30.
- "Good Men Sleep at Home," Shaftesbury.

WEDNESDAY, April 3rd—
- Odette Keun: "France in War and Peace," Women's Service House, 29 Marsham Street, S.W.1. 6.15.
- Charles Smith: "Turkey," Dick Sheppard Centre. 8.
- "Jeannie," Wyndham's.

THURSDAY, April 4th—
- London Philharmonic Orchestra Concert in aid of the Finland Fund, Queen's Hall, 7.45.
- Song and Violin Recital by Gerda Oldoni and Dr. Joseph Rosenfeld, Austrian Club, 126 Westbourne Terrace, W.2, 8.
- "A House in the Square," St. Martin's.

FRIDAY, April 5th—
- F.P.S.I. Week-end Conference on "The New World Order and the Rights of Man," Speakers include: Ritchie Calder, S. de Madariaga and John Katz. Arnold House Hotel, Montpelier Terrace, Brighton. Particulars from Hampstead 2969.
- Alan Bush: "Soviet Music" 2 Keats Grove, N.W.3, 7.45.
- Barbara Wootton: "Economics of Federal Union," 101 Piccadilly, 8.45.
- "Rebecca," Queen's.

Correspondence

FINLAND

SIR,—Recent events suggest that democracy is still functioning better in France than in England. In each country the Prime Minister had to face the criticism that, owing to vacillation and confused thinking, the Entente Powers had suffered a major diplomatic defeat. The two Prime Ministers each told the same story. They said that they had arranged to send fifty thousand troops *immediately* to Finland. The French, logical and realist, found this story a bit too thin, and M. Daladier was displaced. Mr. Chamberlain "got away with it" in a House of Commons which seemed chiefly interested in the fact that he was still Prime Minister though he was six years older than the retiring age for University Professors.

Now it is obvious to anyone who has troubled to study the Finnish situation that neither of the Entente Powers intended to send any troops in March. The only two British politicians who were lately in Finland did not believe Mr. Chamberlain. This is clear from Mr. Harold Macmillan's speech and from Lord Davies's letter to the *Times*. The reason is that no preparations of any sort were made for the reception of even ten thousand Allied troops. The sending of the six thousand Swedish volunteers was, comparatively, an easy undertaking. They and their equipment could come by rail and road over the frontier at Tornio. The despatch of even this small force was, however, a matter of careful preparation; advance guards were sent, camps arranged, dumps made, etc. The volunteers came into action for the first time a week before the end of the war.

If neither the Finns nor the Scandinavians believed in the Allied expeditionary force it was because they saw not the slightest sign of similar preparations. If we had sent out a thousand unofficial or semi-official volunteers in February it would have meant, not only that we had given some hostages to fortune, but that some arrangements were being made for the reception of a hundred thousand men in a friendly but extremely empty and barren country. At the time of the peace negotiations there were not a dozen French and English volunteers in Finland. I could find only three English volunteers. Two were domiciled in Finland and had Finnish wives. The third was advised by the Finnish authorities to return to England and see if he could not hurry up matters.

To add insult to injury we are told that our efforts were obviously genuine because some young men had been sent to the Alps to "learn to ski." This must have amused the Finns. Allied help was most needed in the south, where it was not necessary, even in March, to use skis, and mountain ski-ing is about as useful an accomplishment as surf-bathing. All the Finns wanted was some pilots, gun crews, trained machine-gunners and others to hang on to defensive lines, relieve their exhausted troops, and make some new defences.

The Finns naturally could not express their feelings on this matter. Until the peace terms were finally settled, the Allied offer might be supposed to have some value as a bargaining point, though the Russians do not seem to have been much impressed. We can now examine Mr. Chamberlain's position without any fear of embarrassing Finland. I do not see how he can avoid the obvious dilemma. Either he did not ever mean to send troops, and his statement was on a par with many of his previous statements about Spain and Czechoslovakia, or else the unfortunate Mr. Stanley should be hurled out of office for his failure to make any arrangements for the reception of the troops. Not only on their previous records, but also from a number of minor

signs, I have no doubt that the first is true, and that Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax again relied successfully on the divisions and weakness of the Opposition in order to put forward, for home consumption, an account of their stewardship which was wholly false and misleading.

G. T. GARRATT

Riverside,
Teignmouth, Devon.

THE KEYNES PLAN

SIR,—I am glad to see that Mr. Ian Bowen is protesting against Mr. Keynes's proposals for the payment of the war.

Mr. Keynes's book emphasises the evils of inflation, but takes care not to mention that the real evil of the payment for the last war was not the inflation but the deflation after the war. Some thousands of millions of pounds were subscribed for the war loans when the pound was worth about 10*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* as compared with 1914. In 1922 the Banks decided that Great Britain should return to the gold standard, and in 1925 this was effected, with the result that the £7,000 million Debt, which in 1922 consisted of 7,000 million 7*s.* 6*d.*'*s* as compared with 1914, became 7,000 million 14*s.*'*s* (The value of gold had decreased between 1914 and 1925.) The result was that the burden of the Debt was practically doubled.

This deflation also helped to kill the export trade, and was a most vital influence in producing the coal strike and the General Strike of 1926.

What Mr. Keynes is terribly anxious to do at the moment is to preserve the burden of this Debt, and apparently we shall soon have a Debt of about £14,000 millions. Surely it would be only fair that we should have some inflation now and drive the value of the pound down to what it was in 1922, and by this means the rich people would make a really substantial contribution to the country.

The following will show how this could be done. At present the National Debt amounts to about £7,000 millions, and the pound is worth 15*s.* as compared with 1914. If there were inflation and the value of the pound were reduced to 7*s.* 6*d.*, and, say, £7,000 millions were subscribed at this value, the effect would be as follows. The total Debt of £14,000 millions at the value of 7*s.* 6*d.* per pound would make the total burden of the Debt the same as it is now, namely 7,000 million 15*s.*'*s*, and the State would have received 7,000 million 7*s.* 6*d.*'*s* without any increase in the burden of the Debt.

I commend these proposals to Mr. Keynes's consideration.

40 Weoley Park Road, HARRISON BARROW
Selly Oak, Birmingham.

SIR,—The arguments of some of your correspondents are a little too muddy for one even to attempt an answer, but there are one or two points in Mr. Ian Bowen's letter which merit a little further inquiry.

He rates Mr. Keynes for ignoring tax evasion by the rich, "which was estimated at £75 millions ten years ago, and may now be anything up to £200 millions or much more." Three things puzzle me about this statement: first, who made the estimate ten years ago?; secondly, has Mr. Bowen anything besides guesswork for giving the higher figure to-day?; and thirdly, why does he imply that only the rich evade taxation? Does Mr. Bowen, for example, include his bank interest in his tax return?

Further on he attempts to show that the Keynes plan will maintain maldistribution of wealth. In the last war the working man's consumption was cut down by inflation, and at the end a handful of profiteers held the bulk of the increased National Debt. Under the Keynes plan the working man's consumption is again cut, but at the end of the war the National Debt is held by all citizens instead of a handful. Mr. Bowen may be correct in saying the Keynes plan makes maldistribution worse, but personally I am too stupid to see it.

After reading all your correspondents I have come to the conclusion that their method of reasoning is as follows: the Capital Levy will cure all ills; those who support it are, therefore, good; those who do not are damned. I had hoped that a group of people calling themselves progressive could be more flexibly minded.

17 Springfield Avenue, N.10. W. C. EYRE HARTLEY

INDIA AND THE ARMY

SIR,—At this hour when the armies of the Empire are facing a common enemy I should like to draw attention to a flaw that detracts from the harmonious unity of these forces. The presence of this flaw is little known but its influence is nevertheless insidious, and I believe that now is an opportune time for removing it.

After the Great War a start was made to "Indianise" the Indian Army, this being the official way of describing the process of admitting Indians as commissioned officers in the Army. In taking this step the Army came into line with the other services in India, such as the Police and Civil Service in which Indianisation had started before the war, but this difference was made in the Army that the Indians who graduated from Woolwich and Sandhurst, where they were then trained, were not given the full responsibilities and status of officers. It was laid down as a principle that Indianisation should be so contrived that no British officer (or Canadian, Australian or any other Dominion officer who serves in India), however junior, should ever be placed in a position where he would be serving directly under an Indian officer.

The implied inferiority of the Indian to his British brother officers in this principle not only vitiated the spirit of comradeship that should exist among the officers of any army, it also formed a perpetual cause of disgruntlement in the Indian officer, and the application of the principle gave rise to certain grave practical difficulties. It meant, to give one instance, that Indian officers could not be promiscuously posted to any unit in the Indian Army, but that certain units had to be reserved for them in which they would gradually displace British officers by filling the junior vacancies. No more British officers could be taken into these units unless they were senior to all the Indians in it. This rigid segregation of Indian officers in particular units is not in the interests of inter-unit co-operation. When the officer personnel of Indianising units becomes entirely Indian, a stage which is now beginning, an unfair strain will be put on the loyalty of these units, controlled as they will be by a resentful body of officers smarting under the humiliation to which they have been subjected.

To get the best out of the Indian officer as a comrade in arms he must be trusted, and treated on terms of equality. We are, avowedly, fighting this war in the defence of liberty and democracy. By creating and maintaining this caste system based on racial differences among the officers of the Indian Army we lay ourselves

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open to the charge of hypocrisy by the Nazis. For the sake of our own unity, for the future of British-Indian relations, and in demonstration of the genuineness of our cause, I earnestly put forward a plea for the renunciation of this unjust principle. It will amply repay the sacrifice of pride involved.

U.P., India. "SAPPER AND MINER"

THE RIVAL CIVILISATIONS

SIR,—The war in which we are engaged has been variously described as a war of rival imperialisms or of rival ideologies. It is indeed a war of rival civilisations. It has been going on now for two thousand years and may go on for another two thousand, if the protagonists do not get more sense and decide on the boundaries of their respective domains.

The two rival civilisations are Western civilisation and Eastern civilisation. We in the West are so accustomed to thinking and speaking of Western civilisation that we often forget that there is such a thing as Eastern civilisation and that the greater part of the Old World is subject to its influence. The political principles of Western civilisation are liberalism, democracy and national self-determination. The political principles of Eastern civilisation, on the other hand, are authoritarian or despotic government, imperialism and consequently the absence of national self-determination. Europe is the meeting place of these two civilisations; that is why Europe is so often a battlefield.

Now in the Great War, Britain and France, assisted by America and others, and also helped enormously by the hostility between the two great Eastern Powers of Russia and Germany, succeeded in carrying the frontiers of Western civilisation further east in Europe than ever before—far into Russia in fact. This great victory of Western civilisation and democracy was a very notable achievement; equally notable has been the tremendous "come-back" of Eastern civilisation. In twenty years Eastern civilisation has regained practically all that it had lost, and the frontiers of Western civilisation are to-day where they were in the time of Augustus—on the Rhine. All the wars of the intervening nineteen hundred years have left that frontier practically where it was.

The explanation of all these events is simply this: that you cannot really permanently extend the frontiers of Western civilisation by force. You cannot do so, because to succeed or to appear to succeed, you have to adopt the methods of Eastern civilisation, and you thus transform your Western civilisation into something else.

Thus, at the present time, if you wish to liberate the Czechs and the Poles, you will have to conquer the Germans. But this is not a temporary condition, it is a permanent condition, because the Germans, like the Russians, are politically an Eastern, not a Western people. Hence, if you wish your liberation of the Czechs and the Poles to be permanent, you must keep the Germans permanently conquered. The French have always realised this; not so the British or the Americans.

But if you resolve on the permanent conquest—that is the permanent disarmament—of the Germans, you are adopting the same methods of Eastern imperialism for which you condemn the Germans. You are degrading your Western civilisation into the more primitive Eastern civilisation. In order to assert the right to self-determination of the small nations on Germany's borders, you are obliged to deny the equal right to security of the Germans, who must be kept at the Allies' mercy.

The fact is that such a liberal principle as self-determination has not to-day, and has never had, any effective validity east of the Rhine. The idea that such a principle is of universal application at the present time is a Western liberal delusion.

If the Allies are neither able nor willing to keep the Germans permanently conquered, then it would be better not to conquer the Germans at all. The history of the last twenty years proves that. The same dictum holds good of the Russians.

As for keeping the Germans permanently subjugated, the Romans never succeeded in this. That is one reason why the Germans are to-day a politically backward people, like all Eastern peoples. The Germans are outside the pale of our Western liberal civilisation. All attempts at their forcible incorporation, by Federal Union or otherwise, must necessarily prove ruinous to that civilisation. If the Germans should sometime decide to incorporate themselves into Western civilisation, then that act must be a voluntary one on their part, free from all external pressure. Meanwhile, from the Rhine to Vladivostok is exclusively the sphere of Eastern civilisation—despotism and imperialism. JAMES SOUTHWORTH

14 Kensington Road, Blackpool.

THE EXPULSION OF MR. PRITT

SIR,—I wish to protest against the action of the Labour Party Executive in expelling Mr. D. N. Pritt, K.C., M.P. Although I do not myself accept Mr. Pritt's thesis about Finland I have no doubt that in greater or less degree it is widely held inside the Labour Party, and this minority, which must be substantial, ought to have its spokesman. It is by no means composed entirely of near-Communists.

But what is still more important is the denial of liberty inside the Labour Party. The Communists are continually derided and reviled because of the way they make their members toe the party line. There is obviously a dangerous tendency of the same sort in the Labour Party. Where freedom of opinion is suppressed all genuine vitality is soon lost. The Conservative Party had the sense not to expel Mr. Churchill when he was attacking their leader's policy. It would appear that they are more liberal than the Labour executive. R. S. T. CHORLEY

The Rookery, Stanmore, Middlesex.

THAT GERMANY

SIR,—Does not "Critic" deduce too much from the quotation in *That Germany* column? The extract, which came from a Swiss and not a German paper, scarcely proves a policy of racial extermination in Poland. The edict quoted was issued to the Protestant Church and a Polish Protestant wedding would be something of a rarity. IMPARTIAL

["Critic" writes: The *Baseler Nachrichten* must, I fear, be taken as good evidence on such a point, since it merely quoted the actual decree. I agree that such a decree does not prove a universal policy, but it is surely an ominous indication. I am much alive to the danger of atrocity propaganda and if evidence can be adduced that I have been the victim of it, I shall be delighted to recant.—

ED. *N. S. & N.*]

"THE STAR TURNS RED"

SIR,—Permit me, I pray you, to make a few remarks on the review of *The Star Turns Red*, given by Mr. S. Spender in a recent issue of your journal.

(*a*) There are more than three views of life manifested forth in the play; (*b*) few, if any, Catholics would admit that the play was saturated with "Catholic imagery and ideas"—or Protestants or Pagans either; (*c*) The Star of Bethlehem isn't a prime symbol of the Christian Faith; (*d*) the simple phrase put into the mouth of a simple workman doesn't and couldn't state or imply my "simple view of the revolution"; (*e*) I have no "credulous confidence in the infallibility of Red Jims and Red Jacks," but I have an unbreakable belief in the unbreakable power of the workers, of whom the Red Jims and Red Jacks are vital manifestations.

I know, I think, quite as well as he does, that Communism is engaged in a struggle for power out of a sense of historical necessity, and for no religious or non-materialist reason. But I was writing a play, and not a thesis; and so, as all dramatists do, I write of the life around me. Few will deny, I think, that the Church and football coupons still influence the thoughts and conduct of a great number of the people. Because of this, Mr. Spender declares that I am a Christian Socialist—whatever that may mean. Well, then, Gorki was one, too. He, in one of his plays, deals, as I tried to do, with the life he knew around him, looking at it from the revolutionary point of view. In this play we see and hear the priest, the abbess, the novice, the witch, the blessed, and even Gabriel himself, with his trumpet. So, if Gorki was a Christian Socialist, then I'm quite content to be a Christian Socialist, too.

Again, it seems curious that from "a morality play with no morals," Mr. Spender should be sure that I must be a Christian Socialist. I suppose Anatole France was a Catholic Socialist, too, because he knew a lot about the Catholic religion? I happen to know something about the Orange Order, but I don't wear an Orange Lily on the 12th of July. When he asks me what guarantee I have that Red Jim, invested with power and money, would not become just as corrupt as other Labour leaders, I answer that human life has given us many men who have proved to be incorruptible. It is of these we sing. Even those who have had both have proved to be true men. Engels, for one; Parnell, for another. It isn't in their nature to be anything else. And many more will follow.

But what are we to think of his criticism when he says that

" the young Communist hero and heroine are the only people in the play (which represents the whole of Dublin) who enjoy (by implication) a really satisfactory sexual relationship." Isn't it clear that these two, in that particular phase of the play, represent, not only all the young in Dublin, but the young all the world over ?

One more question : If the characters be symbols, how can the handling of large numbers of characters be skilful ? Lastly, in spite of Mr. Spender's scorn for it, there is something to be said for building.

SEAN O'CASEY

NAZI-SOVIET PERSECUTION

SIR,—Mr. Tchernavin writes to say that I was wrong in stating that his evidence of torture was " second-hand." I would beg to point out to your readers that the cases of physical ill-treatment of prisoners he cites (as distinct from bad food and living conditions) belonged to a period *before* he joined the Solovetsk prison camp (as his article in the *Slavonic Review* for January, 1934, makes clear), and his statements were apparently based on stories of the earlier period still current in the camp. Moreover, this article (and his book) also makes clear that this regime was " radically changed " after an official commission of investigation had visited the camp, and 50 warders " who had made a particular reputation for cruelty were shot " and responsible head officials removed. True, Mr. Tchernavin attributes the worst possible motives to the Government for the change ; but this is inference and not fact.

In reply to Mr. Durbin I would say only that in a short letter one must deal with one thing at a time, and that I had assumed that he was using words with precise meanings. In his book he makes repeated and eloquent use of the charge that U.S.S.R. has deliberately employed physical torture against its opponents. I wrote to say that the evidence on which he relies is too slender to support his charge, and that it was the quantity and reliability, not the source, of the evidence that was in question. He replies by repeating that the *source* of the evidence is the same as in the case of Germany, and by dismissing the matter as " a minor point " after all !

M. H. DOBB

"ON A WEEPING WILLOW TREE"

SIR,—Miss Sackville-West is right, I think, in doubting if the harps of the Jews in exile ever hung from *Salix babylonica*. The Prayer Book version, more cautious than the Bible, speaks only of " the trees that are therein " ; and an eminent authority told me some years ago he had little doubt that it was *Populus euphratica* which the Psalmist had in mind. But *babylonica* has other distinctions. It is the tree which Pope grew at Twickenham—from a twig, it is said, drawn from a basket which brought figs to Lady Suffolk from Smyrna. It is the tree under which Napoleon was buried at St. Helena.

I second Miss Sackville-West's invitation to Mr. Humphrey John or another to write a monograph on the willows. But it will not be a light task. There are some 300 willow species in the world, and many hybrids. The qualities and uses of the willow, as Evelyn knew, are manifold. It gives us not only our cricket bats, but polo balls ; not only our baskets, but the frames which support the bearskins of the Brigade of Guards. A willow product, salicin, was the forerunner of salicylate of sodium in the treatment of rheumatism. Many beliefs attach to the tree. The Chinese, I have read, find in it the symbol not of grief but of immortality. German peasants use, as a protection against lightning, bunches of willow twigs blessed by the priest on Easter Sunday.

In English literature, from Chaucer through Shakespeare, the willow has a place of its own. This week, when the pussy willows are still in flower and the golden weeping willow is displaying the unique beauty of its first leaves, two charming quotations are timely :

> The woodland willow stands a lovely bush
> Of nebulous gold.

So wrote Robert Bridges ; and little Pen Browning :

> The willow is a green fountain.
> None hath called it a green fountain
> But only Peninny.

St. John's Jerusalem,
Sutton-at-Hone, Dartford.

STEPHEN TALLENTS

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

FOR centuries Greek and Latin poetry have not only been the staple of our education, but continued in our adult lives to inform our style and to shape our thoughts. For centuries Italian poetry was perhaps even more widely read; Macaulay, for instance, assumed—but then he was always an optimist—that every cultivated woman was conversant with Ariosto and Tasso. Then German poetry, from Goethe to Rilke, became important in our culture. Recently Chinese poetry, as presented by a translator of genius, has proved surprisingly congenial. Hebrew poetry, in the sublime version of the Jacobean translators, penetrated the lives, for three centuries, even of the semi-literate. But French poetry we have always found specially inaccessible, and consequently while acclaiming the French as painters, architects, novelists, critics and historians, we commonly disregard them as poets. I should like to recommend a book that helps both to explain and to overcome this indifference: *Introduction à la Poésie francaise*, by Thierry Maulnier (Gallimard, 30 fr.). It contains an essay of a hundred pages, and two hundred and sixty pages of selections from the French poets. I do not like M. Maulnier's way of writing, which strikes me as over-elaborate and often frothy, but many of his comments are acute. His taste is governed by current predelictions: one can fairly say, I think, that he takes M. Paul Valéry as the touchstone of poetic virtue, and selects from the piled-up riches of French poetry only such verses as seem worthy of this distinguished author. The eighteenth century is not represented by a single line: evidently the criterion adopted would exclude the charming epigrams and occasional verses of Voltaire, but one would have expected a few lines from André Chénier. About the Romantic poets M. Maulnier, in his reaction against nineteenth-century taste, becomes extravagant. "The place of Lamartine, Hugo, Vigny and Musset in the history of French poetry will soon, it is to be hoped, appear what it really was—that is to say extremely slight." Fervently as one may share M. Maulnier's cult for Gérard de Nerval, it seems excessive to call him the *only* French romantic poet, and to feed his shade with the life-blood of all his contemporaries. Then we are permitted to admire Baudelaire and Rimbaud, and above all Mallarmé, but nothing of Gautier, Leconte de Lisle, Laforgue, or Verlaine. The next generation is represented by Péguy, Apollinaire, Maurras and, of course, Valéry, while an appendix presents Jean Cocteau and Catherine Pozzi to prove that poetry is still alive.

But the value of this anthology is independent of its omissions. M. Maulnier's contempt for the Romantic poets is the obverse of his enthusiasm for the sixteenth century and the first half of the seventeenth. He offers an admirable selection of the great Agrippa d'Aubigné; of Scève, Louise Labé and Pernette du Guillet, splendid poets of the Lyons School, who have only lately gained just appreciation; of the Pléiade (in their less familiar aspect); of Garnier, the predecessor of Racine; of du Bartas, Desportes, Maynard and Sponde — all grossly underrated poets. (The narrow judgment of Boileau has been perpetuated with the help of the French Academy.) There are extracts from Racine, of course, from Corneille, and from La Fontaine, not the Fables, but the exquisite *Adonis* and *L'Amour et Psyché*. M. Maulnier often picks just a stanza or couplet from his authors, since his purpose is to present only the verses most heavily charged with pure poetry. The anthology seems to me admirably adapted to the taste of the English, who for long have much preferred Villon and the Pléiade to the Romantics, and who will find congenial virtues in many of the poems here introduced to them. M. Maulnier, indeed, says that Garnier could almost be called a French Elizabethan dramatist, but I doubt if any Englishman would agree. One finds the same influence of Seneca, and there are highly rewarding outbursts of marmoreal eloquence, but never the lightning-flashes of imagery. Nor has he any sense of the stage. I have read his *Marc Antoine* without finding a single line that reminded me of *Antony and Cleopatra* though both plays have a common source in Plutarch. I was sometimes reminded of *All for Love*, but Garnier is much more like Racine than he is like Dryden. Here, however, is a picturesque passage from his *Hippolyte*, which would run well in Elizabethan blank verse. It is not taken from Euripides' *Hippolytus*, or Seneca's; but, I suspect, from Dio Cassius:

> Depuis quatre ou cinq nuits le hibou n'a jamais
> Cessé de lamenter en haut de ce palais,
> Et mes chiens aussitôt qu'ils sont en leurs étables
> Comme loups par les bois hurlent épouvantables.
> Les tours de ce château noircissent de corbeaux
> Jour et nuit aperchés, sépulcraliers oiseaux,
> Et n'en veulent partir, ores qu'on les déchasse.

In the poets of the time of Lewis the Thirteenth, like Saint-Amant, D'Arbaud de Porchères and du Bois Hus one finds a striking likeness to our seventeenth-century poets—Baroque was an international mood. *La Nuit des Nuit et le Jour des Jours*, an Ode on the Nativity, by du Bois Hus, has something of Milton, and more of Crashaw. I have never heard of this poet, and can find no reference to him in any history of French literature. Here are two stanzas from his Ode:

> Quelques brins d'écarlate et d'or
> Paraissent attachés encor
> A quelque pièce de nuage:
> Des restes de rayons peignant tout á l'entour
> Le fond du paysage,
> Font un troisième temps qui n'est ni nuit ni jour.
>
> Le Silence vêtu de noir,
> Retournant faire son devoir
> Vole sur la mer et la terre,
> Et l'Océan joyeux de sa tranquillité
> Est un liquide verre
> Oú la face du Ciel imprime sa beauté.

It is a startlingly beautiful poem, one of many for which I feel grateful to M. Maulnier. The author to whom (after Aubigné) he gives the most space is Maurice Scève. The dates of his birth and death are unknown, but he was born about the beginning of the sixteenth century. After enjoying some contemporary success, his poetry was forgotten for three centuries: the nineteenth century critics mention him in a few lines only to reprove his obscurity. In 1927 M. Bertrand Guégan produced an edition of his poems (Garnier), and it became apparent that he was one of the finest of French poets. Sometimes he reminds me of his contemporary, Wyatt, but he is discouragingly difficult. Here is one of his poems, as beautiful as it is labyrinthine:

> Au Caucasus de mon souffrir lié
> Dedans l'Enfer de ma peine éternelle,
> Ce grand désir de mon bien oublié,
> Comme l'Aultour de ma mort immortelle,
> Ronge l'esprit par une fureur telle,
> Que consommé d'un si ardent poursuivre,
> Espoir le fait, non pour mon bien, revivre:
> Mais pour au mal renaître incessamment,
> Après qu'en moi ce mien malheureux vivre
> Prométhéus tourmente innocemment.

Scève is unsurpassed in a quality that is particularly prized by poets and critics to-day, *density*. The words are as tightly packed as in Donne and Mallarmé. Evidently he is not a poet for the casual, but if one takes the trouble to penetrate his work, he will be found, I think, fascinating as well as mysterious.

I should enjoy writing about Agrippa d'Aubigné, a poet often the equal of Baudelaire in sombre magnificence. But I must say a word about the specific qualities of French poetry, as described by M. Maulnier, because one can discover from his excellent analysis why it presents such obstacles to the English reader. The people of France, he points out, is very old in culture, yet the poets have taken little from it, and have not written for its benefit. The poets have neglected the local lore of fairies, knights and saints, no less than the Crusading legends and all the various opulence of French history. They feel more at home with Psyche and Narcissus than with Roland; with the myrtle than with the poplar or the birch. French poetry, he continues, is occupied only with the most elementary themes, death and love: Nature is introduced only in connection with these, never for its own sake. The continual aspiration is towards more intense purity, denudation and austerity; and every new movement has been caused by the certainty that "the poetic work of the preceding generation was insufficiently charged with poetry, too much burdened with elements foreign to poetry." In England the aspiration is in the opposite direction, from the abstract to the concrete. The poet looks to Nature for regeneration, to hills and woods, or the speech and legends of the people.

Habituated to the Elizabethans, the Metaphysicals and the Romantics, we easily mistake the classicism of French poetry for artificiality, its purity for thinness. M. Maulnier, by rigorously excluding all that is merely fluent or rhetorical, has given us just the book required to defeat our prejudices.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

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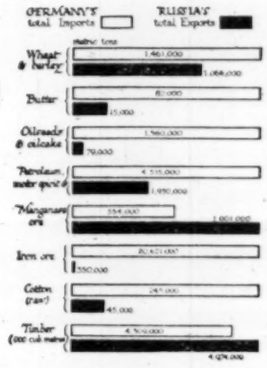

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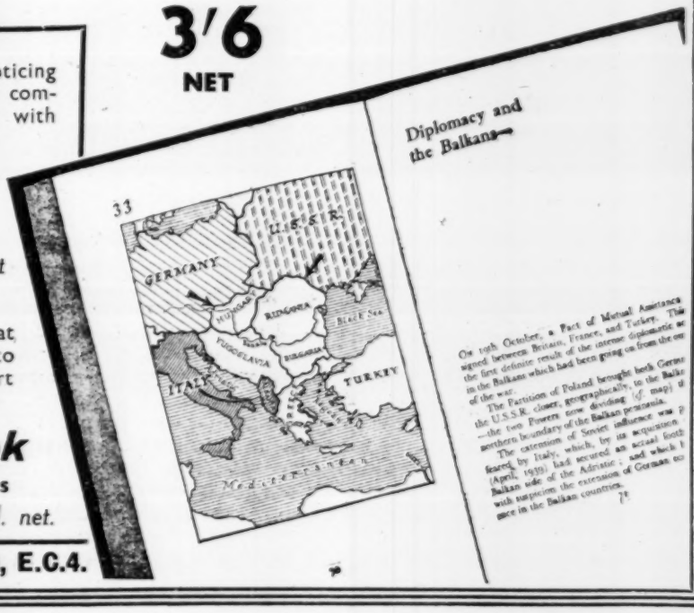
Diplomacy and the Balkans
33
GERMANY
U.S.S.R.
RUMANIA
HUNGARY
YUGOSLAVIA
BULGARIA
BLACK SEA
TURKEY
ITALY
MEDITERRANEAN
On 19th October, a Pact of Mutual Assistance signed between Britain, France, and Turkey. This the first definite result of the intense diplomatic ac in the Balkans which had been going on from the ou of the war.
The Partition of Poland brought both Germa the U.S.S.R. closer, geographically, to the Balka —the two Powers now dividing (if map) it northern boundary of the Balkan peninsula.
The extension of Soviet influence was p fearing by Italy, which, by its acquisition (April, 1939), had secured an actual foothi Balkan side of the Adriatic; and which l with suspicion the extension of German co ence in the Balkan countries.

A SOCIAL DEMOCRAT

A Programme for Progress. By JOHN STRACHEY. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

No wonder Communist orthodoxy screams anathemas on this book. Mr. Strachey is the ablest recruit made for many years to the Communist creed. No one stated it with such expert clarity or such resolute attention to the economic facts of our day. Mr. Strachey was the most genuine of converts; he did not begin with a dogma or become a Communist out of pique or social frustration. He read and studied orthodox economic theory; he compared it with Marxism and concluded that Marx was right. He put with disturbing precision the "either or" which the strict Marxist loves. Capitalism was doomed by its own internal contradictions; the solution was Socialism and the only road to it, revolution. No economist, as far as I know, has adequately answered Mr. Strachey. They have left it to Mr. Strachey to do it himself in this book. Many Socialists who refused to accept the dilemma he put before them agreed with his destructive analysis, but merely believed, without a very clear theory, that Socialism could come by instalments; they hoped without proof that it was worth while to capture outposts of capitalism even though they saw no way of breaking through its Siegfried Line. Social democrats, "planners," and the rest, they remained "Social Fascists" partly because, being English, they were persistently sure that in this world everything is a compromise and better for being a compromise, and partly because, if the complete Leninist theory was correct, Socialism was impossible in a country so overwhelmingly middle-class in its outlook and structure as Britain. Russia was never a developed capitalist State; when its preposterously inefficient and irresponsible ruling class finally collapsed in 1919 the Bolsheviks had no considerable or powerful middle class to contend with. Even so, though led by a political genius, they succeeded only because the army had dissolved into a revolutionary peasantry determined to seize the land for themselves. No revolution can succeed in these days unless the military services are revolutionary and that is very unlikely to happen except after defeat; even so, the results in this country would more probably be Fascist than Communist.

The bravest and most ruthless might pause before willing such a programme for Britain. Lenin and Stalin have had to kill their hundreds of thousands and Russia has not reached Communism yet. Palme Dutt, an Eurasian, who has good reason to hate the British *raj*, and Mr. Strachey, a member of the British ruling class, and Harry Pollitt, an honest-to-God British working-class leader, would have to kill their millions before the British middle class would be liquidated. War, defeat and the massacre of the British middle class (which happens to include a large proportion of the workers)—these are not a programme that a sane man can "will." They may all happen, of course, but I am not surprised that Mr. Strachey now wills an alternative.

Mr. Strachey is as firmly Marxist as ever; his deductions, admirably argued and supported by close economic analysis, have changed. He examines the dilemmas of capitalism since the last war and the problems it still has to face, and he condemns the Nazi solution of a slave and military economy. There is after all, he tells us, another method; his "either or" was a mistake. Theoretically of course there is no absolute solution short of complete Socialism, but there is for us a practical way of advance apart from the tactics of Communist conspiracy. Here are Mr. Strachey's conclusions. We need a resolute Government of the Left which will (1) "promote all kinds of public, or mixed, investment and enterprise, which is not, or is not wholly, dependent upon the expectation of profit as its incentive," and (2) "lower the rate of interest to all intending borrowers, thus making investment and enterprise more attractive to all private borrowers at a given expectation of profit, and more possible to all private borrowers." It would finance these expansionist methods, so long as considerable unemployment exists, by redistributing the incomes of the rich through taxation for the benefit of the poor, by increasing social services, pensions and the like and by developing a national and public, non-commercial banking system. Banking is the central capitalist stronghold. Mr. Strachey adds that we must have a strict control over the balance of foreign payments. Thus the basis for a progressive Socialism may be developed in this country. So Sir Stafford Cripps believed and so, too, has the poor old *New Statesman and Nation* always believed. The Labour Party, in resolutions at least, has advocated much the same programme, though I would not say that it has really believed in it. Perhaps it might have believed in it more sincerely and perhaps it might even have carried some of it out if Communists had devoted less of their energy and enthusiasm to Moscow and more of them into helping to make the British Labour movement Socialist. Now that Mr. Strachey has discovered what British as opposed to Russian Socialism might be, perhaps he will add to the great service he has rendered in this book by actively helping to create a practical British Socialist movement here, which we shall need during the war, and after it, whether it ends in victory, defeat or stalemate.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

NEW NOVELS

Bethel Merriday. By SINCLAIR LEWIS. *Cape.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
The Devil in Green. By GINA KAUS. *Nicolson and Watson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
An Old Captivity. By NEVIL SHUTE. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
The Crew of the Anaconda. By A. G. MACDONELL. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Life and Foster Freeman. By SHAW DESMOND. *Hutchinson.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Satirists fall into two main groups—those whose aim is to sting and provoke their own readers; and those who wish to incite their public against vices supposed to be peculiar to other parts of society. The second group is, perhaps naturally, far the larger, and progresses in uninterrupted success from Martial and Marston, who plainly provided a catharsis for failed snobs; to the early Wells with his jeers at a lower middle-class who were highly unlikely to read him, and Evelyn Waugh who became the Debrett of suburbia and the provinces. Only the first group—those who suicidally assail their own friends and themselves—deserve the prickly laurel of pure satire, and very few belong to this order. Swift certainly does; so, perhaps, does Anatole France; and Dickens may occasionally be included; but it would be difficult to make up a baker's dozen, unless one also allowed the many who satirise by implication without openly showing their hands. Mr. Lewis, almost alone of successful living writers, belongs to this group. *Babbitt* mocked an immense section of the American novel-reading public in the directest fashion, while such books as *Dodsworth*, although ostensibly directed against the millionaire class, applied to the whole huge mass of the would-be sophisticated on whom a highbrow novelist depends. That Mr. Lewis sold enormously was not the fault of his satire, but a tribute to his narrative skill and a proof that stupidity is the one human weakness immune from introspection. No one is so self-righteous but he cannot be awakened to a knowledge of his own vices: the strength of stupidity is that it is too stupid to recognise even the crudest satire of itself. In his early work Mr. Lewis had the courage to be ruthless, and never let liking for a character deflect his hostile judgment. Babbitt stayed Babbitt even in his moments of nobility, and fortune did not intervene on his side even when most he deserved it. In his latest book, however, Mr. Lewis has apparently relaxed, and his scourge for folly has completed its transition (slow, but for some time noticeable) into a sympathetic and condescending pat. Maturity has once more blunted indignation.

Bethel Merriday is a romance of the theatre that even its author's technical skill has been unable to push off its well-worn tracks into the wilderness of originality. Bethel, a girl of fifteen, becomes stage-struck, lies on her stomach in her little room and reads Shakespeare aloud, and buys her way into a Repertory Company run by a high-voiced aesthete (type A), a rich handsome young actor (type B), and a wise lovable old trouper (type C). B takes a mild fancy to her, and she joins his company to tour the smaller cities with *Romeo and Juliet* in modern dress. In the cast are a blonde, temperamental old-young star who gushes, drinks, and has a pet dog, but is also a grand trouper (type D), a rude, brilliant, heart-of-gold-under-face-of-dross Mercutio (type E), and a gold-digger (type F). Bethel falls for B; E falls for F; B falls into debt; D falls by the wayside; and Bethel gets her chance to play J—I mean Juliet. She is, most surprisingly, a flop; but Mr. Lewis, ashamed of his own crude realism, immediately repents and makes D and E complete for her hand. She choses E. This is not to suggest the characters are lifeless or the story dull. Mr. Lewis can give more vitality to a stock type than any novelist living, and he is too witty a writer ever to be thoroughly dull. Unhappily, he has forgotten his *métier*, and described his characters with kindliness as well as with realism. This is, in such a case, an unforgivable combination, for when Mr. Lewis has presented the fatuous jargon, silly slang and general empty-headedness of his troupers with all the mastery displayed in his

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earlier work, it is infuriating to discover that we are expected not to condemn but admire them. Had he followed in the footsteps of *The Good Companions* and made his puppets as jolly and over-Dickension as those of Mr. Priestley, his book would have been first-class entertainment. Unfortunately, he is too naturalistic a writer to descend to caricature, and his types are so convincing that we begrudge his tolerance of them. *Bethel Merriday* is incurably kindly, and gentle satire is perhaps the feeblest of all literary forms. Mr. Lewis is a skilful craftsman and distinguished reporter, and has put up as nice a set of targets as any satirist could desire. It is a pity that he has refrained from knocking them down.

The Devil in Green is an excellently constructed study of jealousy. A weak, poor young man is bullied and seduced into marriage by a young widow in search of a pet to dominate. Once married she displays a jealous suspicion amounting to mania that impels her to watch every moment of her husband's day, suspect every casual remark and scent illicit amours in his slightest unfamiliar reaction. The story of his persecution and final revolt is told with a certain malicious insight; and if one cannot always believe in the unmitigated awfulness of the wife, the timorous resignation of her mouse-like husband is quite depressingly credible. But though Miss Kaus is excellent on jealousy, she is not nearly so much at home with true love, and the beautiful affair through which her hero is at last remade is as powerful and moving as cold prunes after curry. Beauty and virtue are, no doubt, always a trifle dull in fiction, but Miss Kaus makes Good worse by furtive little essays into gross sentimentality. One of the least happy of these is the husband's recurrent habit of calling his new love a "brave, staunch little soldier"—a phrase that only suggests a dwarfish member of the A.T.S. But the main theme of the story—the growth of a jealousy that increases the more, the less it has to feed on—is finely developed, and gives *The Devil in Green* a certain distinction and originality.

An Old Captivity is an unusual travel story cast in the shape of a novel. A professional airman is engaged to fly an archaeologist and his daughter to Greenland. They make the flight, there are no serious mishaps or hardships, the pilot has an odd but mild nervous breakdown, and the return trip is made without important incident. This, apart from a sketchy and inoffensive romance, is all that happens, yet the book succeeds in being intensely interesting. We are shown every detail of the flight: the complex formalities of obtaining visas, the technique of mooring a seaplane in choppy water, the social problems of a stay with Eskimos, and all the pedestrian and unpublicised labours that go to ensure a successful expedition. In his breakdown the pilot has a dream of the Norse discovery of America, but here, too, sentiment is subordinate to fact. I do not know why all this should be so fascinating, unless it be that any unfamiliar job is interesting if plainly and clearly described. Travel books are usually dull because their authors, not having a taste for good writing, imagine that nothing can be readable unless enlivened with flippancy and personalities. Literary and emotional flourishes are at a discount in Mr. Shute's work, and ninety per cent. of his novel is devoted to semi-technical fact. Nevertheless, I am sure that many people who never wish to think of an aeroplane again will find *An Old Captivity* far better reading than a great number of books apparently more nearly concerned with their own immediate environments.

The Crew of the Anaconda is the offspring of an unnatural coupling between Dumas and Homer. In this one of the first spy stories of the present war, Mr. Macdonell has had the pleasant fancy of Hitler importing American gangsters to do his rough stuff in England, and it must be admitted that the blood-lusting antics of Spider Morgan and Quickly-Quickly Carey considerably enliven an otherwise second-rate thriller. But although psychotic murderers are excellent villains, they make wholly deplorable heroes, and one expects from Mr. Macdonell something better than a four-fisted, straight-shooting he-man who, in spite of prize fighting, rum-running and throat-slitting, is still a perfect English gentleman, afraid only of good women and his own naughty impulses. With such a man as central character one is not surprised to encounter an aristocratic and exquisitely lovely young woman who talks of lickin' Huns, tells people to go and boil their heads, and has the best brains in the Secret Service. *The Crew of the Anaconda* is moderately good fun, and it would be a shame to take it more seriously than it deserves. Nevertheless, it seems a pity that so able a writer as Mr. Macdonell should sign his name to so Sapper-like a glorification of the commonplace tough.

Shaw Desmond looks like a great writer. His novels have splendid Tolstoian titles, such as *Passion, Gods, Chaos* and *Democracy*, are usually a hundred and fifty thousand words long, and are generally, like the present specimen, about Everyman or the Eternal Woman. To a certain extent Mr. Desmond writes greatly, for his heroes go through all manner of spiritual experiences, and his minor characters are types so thick and juicy that even a Victorian novelist would have hesitated to depict them. *Life and Foster Freeman* is true to type. From the day his father died of shock because a young woman asked for contraceptives at his chemist's shop, until the time that Foster himself gives a vast crowd a largely incomprehensible message on war and peace, we are whirled catastrophically between the sublime and the ridiculous. Mr. Desmond has a vast canvas, a very broad palette-knife, a lot of highly coloured paints, and an infinite capacity for taking pains. If he is not a genius it is not for want of trying; and at least one should welcome a writer who, instead of writing down to a public, tries to write up.

JOHN MAIR

THE STRASSER BROTHERS

Nemesis? The Story of Otto Strasser. By DOUGLAS REED. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Hitler et Moi. By OTTO STRASSER. *Grasset.* 21 *francs.*

It is strange that so little attention has been paid to Dr. Otto Strasser. Of all those who fled from Hitler Germany—including Dr. Rauschning—he is far the best qualified to interpret the mind of the Führer and the policy of National Socialism. NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers will recall a remarkable analysis of Hitler's war-plans which he contributed last summer, and connoisseurs of Nazi literature will know already his *Ministersessel oder Revolution?* and *Bartholomaeusnacht*. Now simultaneously we receive from Mr. Douglas Reed a "pen-picture" and from Paris an autobiography of the pugnacious, loquacious and contumacious leader of the Black Front and prophet of the Fourth Reich.

Otto and Gregor Strasser were born in the most beautiful house in Dinkelsbühl, the most beautiful village of Franconia. Their father was a Catholic minor official, with Christian Socialist views, and their younger brother is a Benedictine monk to-day. Otto and Gregor, however, were men of action whose first experience of life was the World War. Otto volunteered at the age of 16 and had a brilliant record in a Bavarian regiment, gaining there a hatred of Prussians and of N.C.O.'s which is the basis of his political philosophy. Both brothers won commissions and can rely for their war records on official histories, unlike Hitler, whose feats of courage are based on hearsay and never earned him a rank above that of a corporal.

It is interesting to compare the records of these three men in 1919. Gregor formed his own volunteer battalion in Lower

Bavaria to suppress the Reds and then settled down in his chemist's shop at Landshut; Otto took part in the "Liberation" of Munich, then went to Berlin as a student and commanded a Socialist detachment during the Kapp Putsch, then, disgusted by the pusillanimity of the Government, threw up politics and became first a civil servant and then a business man. Meanwhile, Hitler, on his own account, was a soldier in Munich during the Soviet regime but remained passive. Only in 1920 did he become prominent as a Reichswehr spy, when his oratorical talents caught the eye of Captain Röhm. Two of the reasons why Hitler disliked the Strassers was that they were ex-officers and asked too many questions about his record in 1919.

Gregor, however, like Röhm, became a devoted adherent, seeing in the programme of the Nazis that national *socialism* which he and Otto had elaborated with Möller von Der Bruck, the author of *Das Dritte Reich*, who committed suicide when he saw that Hitler was betraying his misty ideals. He was imprisoned for his part in the Munich Putsch, released when he was elected to the Reichstag and, while Hitler was writing *Mein Kampf*, founded the party in North Germany. There he persuaded Otto to join him and a certain Dr. Goebbels to be his secretary. When Hitler came out of prison he found that the North German party was forging ahead; and that the Strassers were the leaders of a revolutionary Left Wing movement, in bitter conflict with Streicher and Göring and Rosenberg. The stage was set for the battle of Strasserism versus Hitlerism which ended first in the resignation of Otto (1930) and then in the retirement of Gregor (November, 1932) after the failure of his intrigues with General Schleicher.

Though this battle was largely a personal struggle for power, it was partly a matter of principle. The Strassers stuck to the famous 25 points of the party programme, including confiscation of the great estates and national control of the great industries. Their battle was against Marxism *and* capitalism, their dream an impracticable hotchpotch of Guild Socialism and G. K. Chesterton distributism. The appeal of Gregor's superb rhetoric and Otto's journalism was to the little man, the peasant, the clerk, the shopkeeper, the very classes which Hitler has so mercilessly betrayed. Very genuinely they were middle-class revolutionaries determined to assault at the same time the fortresses of capitalism and trade-unionism. This, thought Hitler, might buy popularity during a depression; it could never bring power. Winning over Goebbels, and with Göring as his faithful adjutant, he proclaimed the *Führer-prinzip*, which made him supreme over party policy, and developed Racialism as a substitute for Socialism, palatable to the nationalists, heavy industry and the old Pan-Germans. But he was willing to accept Gregor's loyalty and use his Left Wing in order to retain the support of the "little man" so long as he needed it.

Otto Strasser describes the struggle with immense gusto. He is able to add a number of important details to the private history of Hitler—in particular of his sexual life—as well as giving important evidence on the Schleicher-Strasser intrigues of November, 1932 and the murders of June 30th, 1934. For years he has been a fugitive from the Gestapo and his first-rate experience of it is worth all the recent disclosures put together. It is a pity that Douglas Reed was not content to translate his excellent autobiography. *Nemesis?* tells us at least as much about the author of *Disgrace Abounding* as about the Strassers. It omits much of the most important material, and its nervous over-emphasis smudges the picture which Strasser's own autobiography gives. To call Otto Strasser the only disinterested champion of a pacific Germany, and originator of a new and original Socialism is slightly ridiculous and may embarrass a politician whose charm is his power not to take himself too seriously. Otto Strasser is a Bavarian beer which needs no Reed. Whereas his own book in French costs half a crown, *Nemesis?* costs half a guinea.

All things are possible, and Mr. Reed may be right in tipping a coalition of Rauschning, Strasser, Brüning and Treviranus as Hitler's possible successors who will join with Britain and France in driving back the Bolshevist armies. But it is disconcerting to find so able a journalist suggesting that Strasserism would turn Germans into good Europeans, applauding its refined anti-semitism and accepting Strasser's naturally optimistic estimate of the importance of the secret Black Front. Strasserism was the political expression of the one class in Germany which was utterly reactionary and which Hitler has successfully liquidated. As bitterly opposed to organised labour as Hitler himself, its authors were unable to see that their "Socialism" was bound, if it won power, to lead to the Totalitarian State because it had no support in the forces of democracy. In terms of personalities, they were double-crossed by the Führer, but had they won control of the party, they would either have been defeated by the Right or moved along the selfsame path which the Führer has taken to-day. As Dr. Rauschning expresses the resentment of a North German conservatism which failed to stem the revolutionary tide, so Strasser speaks for that South German "little man" whom Prussia and history together will always defeat, so long as he opposes both organized Capital and organized Labour.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN.

NEO-ROMANTIC

Old Lights for New Chancels. By JOHN BETJEMAN. *Murray.* 5s.

Historians and psychologists of a future age, picking their puzzled way through the present century, will find in Mr. John Betjeman a curious problem. Here is a writer (they will note) who, during a period that has brought forth a superabundance of bad poetry, is content to produce exceedingly accomplished verse and enters the Muses' shrine as it were by the back-door, whither he has gone under a pretence that he admires the plumbing. Unlike most contemporaries he has not forgotten that verse should be readable. His productions always benefit by being read aloud: and in that respect he might be compared to William Mackworth Praed—he has the same wit, the same versatility, the same rhythmical readiness—were the subjects he chooses and the colouring he gives them less idiosyncratic. By severe critics he has been accused of preciosity. It is true that he shares some of his chief foibles with amateurs of the amusingly second-rate: but what in Mr. Betjeman looks like dilettantism turns out to be something far more interesting—a real passion, a kind of lucid monomania. Is it a clue to his temperament to say that he is in love with the past, and that the suburban landscape which is for many of us the background of childhood—the bright smelly shops, oozing railway arches and dusty privet hedges—has a romantic quality that he has never quite outgrown? Childhood associations abound in his verse, either conveyed directly, as in *Trebetherick*—one of his most successful metrical experiments—or imaginatively, as in the first of the three *Amatory Poems*, with

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NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

its memorable evocation of the black-stockinged bicyclist tinkling her way home towards school-room tea :

> Were you a prefect and head of your dormit'ry ?
> Were you a hockey girl, tennis or gym. ?
> Who was your favourite ? Who had a crush on you ?
> Which were the baths where they taught you to swim ?
>
> Smooth down the Avenue glitters the bicycle,
> Black-stockinged legs under navy blue serge,
> Home and Colonial, Star, International,
> Balancing bicycle leant on the verge.
>
> Trace me your wheel tracks, you fortunate bicycle,
> Out of the shopping and into the dark,
> Back down the Avenue, back to the potting-shed,
> Back to the house on the fringe of the park. . .

Myfanwy—Beatrice to Mr. Betjeman's Dante—supplies the starting point of yet another journey in pursuit of the past—this time to the dim paradise of Oxford women's colleges, cocoa parties, reading circles and girlish enthusiasms :

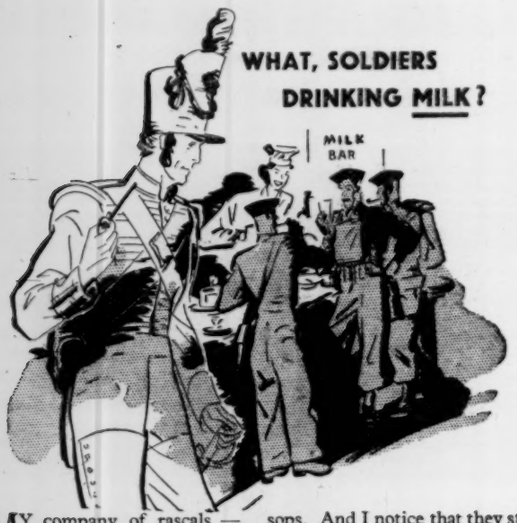
> Gleam of gas upon Oxford station,
> Gleam of gas on her straight gold hair,
> Hair flung back with an ostentation
> Waiting alone for a girl friend there.
> Second in Mods and a Third in Theology
> Come to breathe again Oxford air.
>
> *Her* Myfanwy as in Cadena days,
> *Her* Myfanwy, schoolgirl voice,
> Tentative brush of a cheek in a cocoa crush,
> Coffee and Ulysses, Tennyson, Joyce,
> Alpha-minded and other dimensional,
> Freud or Calvary ? Take your choice.

Nostalgia—the love-hatred of a born Romantic—is an important element of Mr. Betjeman's style ; and it is notable that when he merely satirises (as he does in *Bristol and Clifton* and *In Westminster Abbey*) his verse loses much of its interest and half its pungency. For this writer, affection and a faint, not unenjoyable shudder of repugnance can seldom be distinguished ; and here one is tempted to liken Mr. Betjeman to those late eighteenth and early nineteenth century lovers of the Gothick who found haunted ruins and bat-haunted oratories "delightfully horrid." But Mr. Betjeman's brand of Gothick was built by Butterfield ; and, since to-day there is nothing particularly alarming about a ruined castle, he turns for sensations of horror and intimations of the supernatural to Victorian slum streets and Edwardian garden suburbs, to the gas-lit purlieus of the Congregational chapel and the threadbare commons and the rhododendron thickets of Surrey. Torpid midland spas and small industrial towns prove especially exciting and disturbing :

> The gas was on in the Institute,
> The flare was up in the gymn,
> A man was running a mineral line,
> A lass was singing a hymn,
> When Captain Webb the Dawley man,
> Captain Webb from Dawley,
> Came swimming along in the old canal
> That carries the bricks to Lawley . . .
>
> The sun was low on the railway line
> And over the bricks and stacks,
> And in at the upstairs windows
> Of the Dawley houses' backs,
> When we saw the ghost of Captain Webb,
> Webb in a water sheeting,
> Come dripping along in a bathing dress
> To the Saturday evening meeting.
> Dripping along—
> Dripping along—
> To the Congregational Hall ;
> Dripping and still he rose over the sill and faded away
> in a wall. . .

Except by quotation (which is itself a poor substitute for recitation) one finds it hard to illustrate the qualities of this remarkable book. One can only recommend that every reader who appreciates verse (which may or may not include poetry—*Upper Lambourne* undoubtedly crosses the border-line) should take *Old Lights for New Chancels* to bed with him several nights running. Whatever his immediate response may be—whether he is shocked or amused or mildly diverted—and whatever his taste in Anglo-Catholic architecture, Nonconformist places of worship, braw games-playing, biking, hiking school-girls, decrepit Irish peers and Surrey tennis courts, certain phrases and certain rhythms will stick in his memory till little by little an entire poem has been got by heart and he has begun to regard the world with a slightly different and a more romantic eye. Not all Mr. Betjeman's exercises in neo-romanticism reach the same level of technical accomplishment—there are one or two weak lines and some poor concluding stanzas ; but his new book is a decided advance on *Continual Dew*, while his range of interests is becoming gradually more extensive. It is to be hoped, however, that his devotional preoccupations (which it would be irreverent to regard as yet another engaging oddity) are not permitted to dilute or adulterate his poetic style. Those occasional delicate suggestions of a pensive lubricity and just-audible invocations to the rebellious flesh could not be purged without real damage to the poet's character.

SENEX



"MY company of rascals — fellows who stormed Badajoz—would have given short shrift to any of their number whom they caught drinking milk. They'd have clapped him in petticoats, egad ! . . . Still, these youngsters don't look like milk-sops. And I notice that they still enjoy the tobacco we used to relish—my old favourite Murray's. How the aroma of that tobacco takes me back . . ."

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LOCAL GOVERNMENT HISTORY

The History of Local Government in Manchester. By ARTHUR REDFORD. Assisted by INA STAFFORD RUSSELL. Vol. I : Manor and Township. Vol. II : Borough and City. Each 21*s.* net. *Longmans.*

Town histories are mostly bad ; and very few of them give any intelligible account of the institutions of local government or of their development. A town history devoted exclusively to the growth of the services and institutions of local government therefore fills a very useful place in the literature of English social history. Nevertheless, in reading these two massive volumes, which are to be followed by a third dealing with the developments of the past fifty years, the reader is often tempted to wish that Mr. Redford had taken a rather more ambitious sweep, and had made more attempt to relate the growth of Manchester's civic institutions to the general life of the town and to the development of the larger area of which it forms the centre. This is not to say that Mr. Redford has failed to do his work with very great competency or that his narrative is in general lacking in interest. On the contrary, much of it is both interesting in itself, and interestingly told ; but it could have been much more interesting if it had been given a somewhat wider scope.

For the general reader, the most important parts of Mr. Redford's story are those in which he is dealing, first, with the condition of Manchester's government during the period of rapid transition from a small eighteenth-century town to the metropolis of the cotton trade, and secondly with the transformation of the city's institutions which followed the Municipal Corporations Act of 1835. Manchester and Birmingham were the two chief towns which, until they took action under that statute, had no municipal corporations, but were governed partly under an ancient manorial regime and partly by *ad hoc* statutory authorities set up for limited "police" purposes under special Acts of Parliament. In Manchester authority was ambiguously divided between the Court Leet of the manor and the newer Police Commissioners; and Mr. Redford tells very well the story of the energetic opposition put up to incorporation by the Tory oligarchs who had so long governed the town, and of the triumph of Richard Cobden and his fellow-workers over this opposition. Even with the achievement of incorporation the struggle was not ended; for the old oligarchy at first attempted to contest the legality of the charter, and thereafter put up a long obstruction to the concentration of power in the hands of the new Council. Manchester did not achieve full emancipation until it had finally bought out the old order in 1845 by acquiring from Sir Oswald Mosley his manorial rights. Thereafter, municipal development went on apace, up to the launching in 1882 of the scheme for the Manchester Ship Canal.

In his first volume, Mr. Redford has naturally much to say about the appallingly insanitary conditions of Manchester, especially during the century which preceded the creation of the borough. But the story is by no means an unrelieved record of misrule or anarchy. Dr. Percival and Dr. Barnes fought manfully and not without success for the cause of public health in the latter part of the eighteenth century; and the period of Thomas Fleming's autocracy after 1810 also saw many improvements made by the Police Commissioners who were the predecessors of the Municipal Council. The Radical opposition, very vocal during this period, saw only the bad side of Fleming's rule, as manifested in the affair of St. Peter's Fields in 1819. But there was a good side too, and to this Mr. Redford does ample justice. His book will necessarily appeal, on account of its length, mainly to specialists; but it is a most valuable piece of work, based on careful research among the local records, and written with good sense and an eye to social significance as well as with scholarly care.

H. K.

A LIBERATOR

Simon Bolivar. By THOMAS ROURKE. *Michael Joseph.* 15s.

"History," remarks Mr. Thomas Rourke in the early pages of his life of the Liberator of South America, "has a way of going pompous on us." But not if Mr. Rourke can help it. Allowing for moments of breeziness this is an attractive biography, with an eye for the picture of incident and a good hand at rapid narrative. A large slice of Bolivar's life was spent in fighting a seemingly interminable guerilla war in which small forces of half-naked horsemen spent years looking for one another in the mountains and forest of Venezuela and in the swamps of the Orinoco; and to give any coherent account of his campaigns without losing the reader in the meantime, is very commendable. In addition the portrait of Bolivar is a sensible one and to try and detach him from the fulminations of Latin-American rhetoric and legend was an interesting task.

How one envies those who lived in the heady days when Liberty and Democracy were new intoxicants and not the still lemonade they have since become. And the beauty of it all was that when Bolivar cried these words aloud, or rather, lying in his hammock, dictated them to his three secretaries—he left ten trunks full of letters, constitutions and polemical papers—he meant simply that they were very lovely words but that South America would not be ready for them for centuries. First break Spanish rule and fuse the Indian, Spanish and Negro races. (He insisted on this and made his own sister marry a negro very much against her will, to set an example.) An international brigade, which many Englishmen joined, soldiers who were unemployed and unemployable after the Napoleonic wars, went out with the unofficial approval of the British Government, as England's contribution to the cause of Liberty. We were an unsatisfied Power and did not see why we should not double-cross the Spaniards who had been, only a year or two back, Allies against Napoleon.

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Simon Bolivar was one of the Creole aristocracy of Venezuela and he picked up his libertarian ideas in Europe. South Americans were popular in Madrid where their wealth, vigour, amorousness and gift of fantasy were admired by a capital which has an enormous appetite for rococo character. Bolivar was a hard-working amorist and brilliant talker. He is said even to have received the Queen, disguised as a nun, in his rooms. However, he was turned out of Madrid and had to continue his career in France. He later claimed that it was the tragic and early death of his young wife which turned his mind to serious matters, but this (as Mr. Rourke says) seems to be a typical piece of self-dramatisation. A serious illness much later on seems to have been really decisive after the ground had been prepared by the subversive views of an eccentric tutor. But once started Bolivar showed his race's intensity and personal conviction of mission. There is a story about an early visit to the British Government in search of aid, which illustrates his character. He saw Wellesley who glanced again and again at Bolivar's credentials and instructions, as the eloquence poured out. Bolivar was asking the British Government to recognise the Junta in Caracas as the legal government of an independent state. Wellesley replied:

"But your instructions say nothing of an independent nation. They say clearly that the Junta recognises Fernando VIIth as its sovereign."

Bolivar had not bothered to read his instructions. He was behaving like the Elizabethan translators.

Bolivar relied on his theatrical personality for his dominance, and although this did not go down in England, in South America it was essential. He was relying on "hombria"—that sense of masculine dominance—a bullfighting quality which lies at the bottom of many successful South American dictatorships. He understood domination and the desire to be dominated in all their spiritual and physical mystery. This worship of personal ascendancy, of the man who is equal to you because he suffers as you do and yet transcends you, is a survival of the psychology of pastoral man. Bolivar's transcendent qualities were in his intellect, his intensity and his daring as a soldier. Paez, the llanero leader, who was looked on as a kind of god by his horsemen, willingly submitted to the greater god. The terse, hard San Martin, who too had crossed the Andes with a remnant and won his victories against odds, thought Bolivar's political ideas visionary, yet went away disagreeing but dazzled and subdued. The Spanish commander against whom Bolivar fought for years was overcome when he met Bolivar at an armistice. They sat laughing, weeping and embracing like re-united lovers. Bolivar was the lover who watches himself act; and when fighting broke out again and the Spanish commander asked to be allowed to retire, Bolivar shrewdly noted his success.

With his perpetual cheroots, his restlessness, his tireless talk and dictation, his long procession of mistresses picked up and discarded on the march, Bolivar was the natural tribal leader in European dress. His trouble was that he could not be everywhere, that quarrels quelled by his presence took fire again after he had left. He was welcomed everywhere as a conqueror and, it is said, always stayed too long to enjoy the festivities. His fame rests on his military campaigns. Allowing for differences of time and scale, they have been compared with those of Napoleon. Bolivar's four months' march over the Andes fighting battles as he went, when he took his horsemen of the tropical plains on foot into the freezing mountains, is indeed a military epic. Those men had never left their horses before in their lives. Twelve hundred survived out of three thousand. And he rested his army only three days—which were spent in getting remounts—before marching on the Spanish army awaiting him outside Bogotà.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The History of Hungary. By OTTO ZAREK. *Selwyn and Blount.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The history of Hungary is one of almost unrelieved tragedy. Yet it might have been different. In its infancy the Hungarian nation wrested from the Arpàd Dynasty a charter of liberties—the Golden Bull—comparable with the English Magna Carta. By a curious parallelism of events they were both signed at practically the same time. Hungary, however, was denied the insular progress of England. She became the outpost of western civilisation against the Turks, and at the same time the battleground for endless wars of succession between European dynasties. Perpetually ravaged, she had no opportunity to settle down. The occasional great rulers did good work, but this was invariably undone by their degenerate successors. The publishers of this book claim it to be the first history of Hungary in the English language. It is also Herr Zarek's first serious excursion into history. Previously he has been known for his fiction and his biographical novel on Kossuth. Unlike many novelists who turn historian, however, Herr Zarek passes the test very well. With careful consideration of detail he traces the origin of the Magyar people—the Asiatics of Europe—and shows how what is known as Hungary to-day has become a conglomeration of many different peoples. If at times his style becomes somewhat textbook, it is not surprising when one considers the amazing rapidity with which monarch follows monarch (most of them died unnatural deaths), from the ninth to the eighteenth centuries. Even so the author manages to make most of his characters interesting. In dealing with the dual Monarchy he reveals an obvious admiration for Kossuth with which some might quarrel, but that after all is a matter of opinion. At times the translation seems slightly obscure and one or two confusions in dates—for example, he says on one page Stephen was canonised in 1083, and on another in 1087—spoil an otherwise careful piece of writing. But for those who really wish to understand the background for many of the problems of modern Hungary, this is a book well worth reading.

About Motoring

MOTORING IN THE BLACK-OUT

MANY thousands of cars which have been laid up during the winter will emerge from their hide-outs during the six lighter and milder months of the year; and as their owners will not refrain from driving after dark, there is likely to be an increase in road casualties. It may not be presumptuous for an owner who has driven regularly throughout the winter to suggest certain safety precepts and practices. It is impossible to exaggerate the perils of driving under black-out regulations on moonless nights. These perils automatically suggest that night-driving without a moon should be rigidly eschewed except for essential purposes. When a car journey cannot be avoided, the driver should take all possible steps to perfect such night vision as he possesses. Night vision is profoundly affected by the consumption of Vitamin A, whenever the driver's body is deficient in that substance. Any physician will readily prescribe a simple course of dosage in Vitamin A in the form of palatable and generally beneficial substances, which will incidentally improve such a driver's general health, atone for deficiencies in his war diet, and improve his resistance to certain diseases. If a driver is seriously deficient in Vitamin A, the improvement in his night vision achieved by such dosage will astonish him. Secondly, drivers should realise that their night vision, be it good or bad, is always immensely below par when they first emerge from a lighted room into a dark street. Their first ten minutes at the wheel are, therefore, infinitely more dangerous than any later period. Consequently the prudent motorist will enter his car and sit stationary at the wheel for a few minutes until his eyes have grown accustomed to the absence of bright illumination; at the expiry of this precautionary period he will see at least twice as well, as if he had driven straight out on to the road. Every possible care should be taken to keep the transparent portions of the lamp masks spotlessly clean, and this especially applies to the disc of diffusing material. On every run a light film of dust is deposited on these transparent elements, and if it remains untended through a series of runs the reduction of light is appreciable. Since the maximum light available may permit a driver to run gaily past his own home or the end of his own street, it is clearly important that all such interferences with the maximum should be eliminated. The driver who is unaccustomed to black-out driving should realise that his whole attention is required for watching the road ahead and picking up obstructions, human or otherwise, at the earliest possible moment. He cannot afford to deflect part of his vigilance to finding his way, or identifying a particular house. If circumstances compel him to travel alone, he has no option in such matters, but he should slow to a crawl when he is peering sideways at intervals to pick up a landmark of any kind. Preferably, he should carry a passenger in all night journeys, and entrust the entire task of route-finding to that passenger, so that his eyes can be exclusively concentrated on the road immediately ahead; and they should be permanently focussed on the forward edge of the faint pool of light which travels ahead of him. Once a week or so he should place his car on the road with its lamps lit, and verify the setting of the lamps in respect of the height of their beam and the absence of all dazzle. No rays should rise above an imaginary horizontal line drawn parallel with the road surface from the top of the mask. Quite a slight accidental blow or even a bad road bump may shift a lamp so that its beams rise too high and infringe the law.

The new black-out speed limit of 20 m.p.h. in built-up areas has added a new problem and a new peril to night driving. Very heavy fines—£20 is not unknown—are imposed for breaches of this rule, which is being enforced with great vigour. It is extremely difficult for a driver to verify his speed. He has so much difficulty in seeing that the road is clear and in keeping his proper line upon its surface that he cannot spare attention for his speedometer, and twenty miles an hour feels quite ridiculously slow, so that the constant temptation is to travel faster than the law permits. The solitary driver can only accustom himself in broad daylight and on a level road to the feel of the car and the note of his exhaust at 20 m.p.h.; keep constantly in mind the slight acceleration due to almost imperceptible downhill gradients; and when in doubt reduce his speed a trifle. The assistance of a passenger is of no great avail when dashboard illumination is forbidden, and would in any case tend to dazzle the driver slightly by contrast with the surrounding gloom. Two useful gadgets were introduced by speedometer manufacturers when the speed limit was first reintroduced, namely a green light which lit up or a buzzer which sounded as soon as a speed of thirty miles was exceeded; these gadgets can be reset to operate at 20 m.p.h., but very few of them were made, since dashboard lighting provided an adequate substitute when full headlamp power was permissible. They are scarcely obtainable nowadays, but may be reintroduced presently. If a passenger is usually available, it will pay any owner to get the finger and the "20" point on his speedometer dial treated with luminous paint. This is quite legal, and enables the passenger to warn the driver when in his concentration on the road he exceeds the new limit. But in the absence of a passenger such luminous paint only enhances danger, as the driver will be tempted to divide his attention between the speedometer and the roadway. If the car is fitted with a hand throttle capable of extended movement, a mechanic can usually improvise a stop to limit its travel, and such a stop can be set to limit the top gear speed to 20 m.p.h. In built-up areas after dark the car is then driven on this hand throttle—after all, most of the veteran motorists drove exclusively on hand throttles in the early days of motoring, and the habit can easily be revived.

It follows also that the glass of the windscreen should be kept scrupulously clean, a counsel which entails polishing every hour on a long night drive. A windscreen may appear clean, but if rain begins to fall, and the screen-wiper is switched on, we immediately discover that the blade swishes a tiny wave of mud, created by the dust film which even tarred roads so rapidly deposit on the glass. Should rain commence to fall during the black-out, the car should be stopped until the wiper has scoured the glass perfectly clean.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 529

Set by G. O. W.

This week many parents have been writing reports for parents on their children's aptitudes, progress and behaviour. Tact often suggests that the truth be told ironically or allusively. A first prize of two guineas and a second prize of half a guinea are offered for two school-reports on any of these adults: Solomon, Alcibiades, Commodus, Wycliffe, Marlowe, Pascal, Catherine the Great, Dr. Johnson, J. J. Rousseau, Shelley, Macaulay, Jane Austen, Gladstone, Walter Pater, Mrs. Eddy, Balfour, Proust, D. H. Lawrence, Goebbels, T. S. Eliot, Trotsky, Hore-Belisha, Low and Allan M. Laing. (Competitors may send as many entries as they like.)

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, April 5th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 527

Set by Raymond Mortimer

A first prize of two guineas and a second prize of half a guinea are offered for the best English versions, not necessarily in sonnet form, of the following poem :

HEDERA

Anna, soyez l'arbuste aux vivantes racines
Qui sur un débris mort jette un printemps nouveau.
Venez parer mon deuil et verdir mes ruines :
Le lierre aime un vieux chêne, un désert, un tombeau.

Frais comme vous, le lierre à travers les épines
Glisse, et conquiert lui seul un antique château ;
Ou, confondu là-bas aux mousses enfantines
Il invite à s'asseoir deux amis du coteau.

Venez : j'abriterai contre les vents, les grêles,
Vos jours, et le trésor de vos boutons si frêles
Pour de jeunes amours qu'il fleurisse demain.

Viens t'appuyer sur moi dans ta conscience altière . . .
Quand tu devrais briser, comme fait l'autre lierre,
Pour t'en former un sol, le dur ciment romain.

Report by Raymond Mortimer

This sonnet comes from the anthology which I have reviewed in this week's *Books in General*. It is by Thabaud de Latouche, a dramatist, pamphleteer, novelist and journalist, now generally forgotten. I first heard of him a couple of months ago, in the enchanting memoirs of George Sand : he came from the same country, the Creuse, and helped her literary début. He also befriended, and even influenced, the youthful Balzac. One other detail about him may interest some readers. There is a very queer poem by Swinburne called *Fragoletta*, which ends with the beautiful lines : " Love's wings are over fleet, And like the panther's feet, The feet of love." Now I have discovered why it has this title—Latouche wrote a novel called *Fragoletta*, which Swinburne must have read, on the same subject as the poem.

Hedera is a touching sonnet, with more concrete imagery than one usually finds in French verse. I thought therefore that it would run into English more easily than apparently it does. For though there was a gratifyingly large entry, few of the versions strike me as satisfactory. I found it exhausting, I confess, to read some fifty sonnets beginning " Anna ! be thou the shrub with living roots "—which is not, I think, an auspicious opening. A large number of competitors mistook the meaning of the final phrase. " Quand " with the conditional means " Even though." " Be mine," the aged poet writes, " though you may break me." The best entries came from " Tout Court," Kay, Evelyn Gibbs, I. H. B., Willy Tadpole, Rojo, J. B. M., Gerald Summers, Barbara Strachey, Jenny Diver and Paysanne. Guy Innes guyed the poem cleverly :

Say, Mary Ann, let's kid that I'm a dump,
And you the ivy that upon it creeps ;
Ivy becomes a tombstone or a stump,
So won't you drape my dismalness for keeps ?

Allan M. Laing sent a charming version, which Charles Furbank beat by good diction for second place. The first prize goes to John Mavrogordato for a version both accurate and elegant.

FIRST PRIZE

Come, as the creature that with living fingers
To a dead ruin gives an April bloom,
Make green my stony griefs : the ivy lingers
On hollow oak, a wasteland, or a tomb.

The ivy not less cool through brambles gliding
Scales an old keep that has no other foes ;
Or with the mosses innocently hiding
Invites the hillside playmates to repose.

Come : let me shield from wind and icy shower
Your youth, your tenderness, your buds to flower
Tomorrow, richly to young love responding.

Come lean on me, if pride can make you tumble . . .
Even if you break, as ivies break and crumble,
To make your bed, the solid Roman bonding.

JOHN MAVROGORDATO

SECOND PRIZE

With sorrow fall'n into disrepair ;
Unfashionable, in ruin and alone :
No sight for tourists, under no man's care,
I stand, the winds assault me, and I groan.

Come, as the fresh ivy, let me wear
Green stitches on my wounds, let there be sown
Grasses to mask my scars : Death will despair,
My tomb become some country lovers' throne.

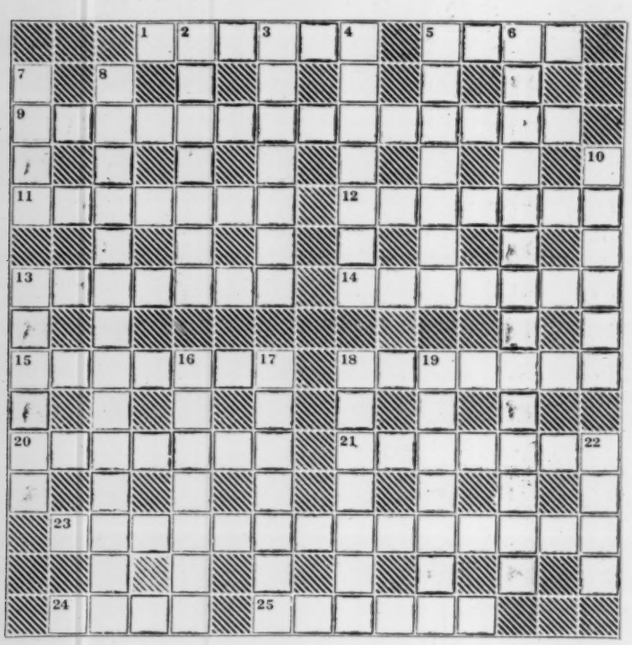
The equinox will beat in vain, no bud
Of yours will wither, or the very blood
Of maidens touched in love outleap your saps.

Entangle my despair, renew and rest . . .
When time dissolves to earth both root and crest,
You'll be fresh soil encontoured on new maps. C. FURBANK

We shall be glad if M. D. Kelly, prize-winner in last week's competition, will send us his address.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 525

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later that first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to " CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

Ed. Graham Guest, 5 Newbattle Terrace, Edinburgh

ACROSS

1. Built into Long Acre at Eton. (6)
5. The campaigner's *Lebensraum* (4).
9. Where 13 down holds sway perhaps. (14)
11. I pester to get relief. (7)
12. Their work always goes smoothly. (7)
13. The Ford's had a smash. (7)
14. She's a Moorish girl. (7)
15. Start on 9. (7)
18. Where to take your lumber. (7)
20. A blooming man I see. (7)
21. Additionally ? (7)
23. When Simon took to Magic these resulted. (14)
24. A quick blow in the back. (4)
25. Compelling force of the Druses. (6)

DOWN

2. The sort of tip that's commonly prohibited. (7)
3. The total of Proserpine's underground fare. (7)
4. Even the King's should be plain. (7)
5. Where the theorem of Pythagoras was tried out, no doubt. (7)
6. Just a short letter to a fighting general. (14)
7. " Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from —." (4)
8. Not a fare place at Westminster. (14)
10. A disordered astrolabe gives it a slight twist. (6)
13. The Soccer Monarch. (6)
16. Suitable ejective to the angry wasp. (7)
17. Collared, but not tied. (7)
18. Barometrical description of a blonde coiffure. (7)
19. The dogs are short. (7)
22. The rising quality of yesterday. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	A	B	O	V	E	S	U	S	P	I	C	I	O	N
C	■	E	■	E	■	T	■	U	■	G	■	N	■	O
A	D	D	E	R	■	A	L	M	A	N	A	C	K	S
L	■	T	■	V	■	M	■	M	■	E	■	A	■	E
C	R	A	B	A	P	P	L	E	■	O	R	S	O	N
I	■	B	■	I	■	C	■	R	■	U	■	■	■	S
C	A	L	A	N	D	O	■	S	U	S	P	I	R	E
■	■	E	■	■	■	L	■	N	■	■	■	N	■	■
F	I	S	H	F	U	L	■	O	N	E	S	T	E	P
L	■	■	■	L	■	E	■	W	■	L	■	E	■	O
A	G	R	E	E	■	C	U	F	F	L	I	N	K	S
V	■	A	■	E	■	T	■	L	■	W	■	T	■	T
I	N	D	O	C	H	I	N	A	■	A	S	I	D	E
A	■	I	■	E	■	O	■	K	■	N	■	O	■	R
■	G	O	L	D	E	N	W	E	D	D	I	N	G	■

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SUMMARY OF THE SEVENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1939.

INCOME.

LIFE BRANCHES. Premium Income £14,491,182

FIRE AND ACCIDENT BRANCHES. Premium Income £1,653,749

TOTAL INCOME £20,123,046

CLAIMS.

LIFE BRANCHES. The Life Claims and Matured Endowments paid and outstanding numbered 405,091 and amounted with Bonuses to £9,115,391

FIRE AND ACCIDENT BRANCHES. Claims paid and outstanding amounted to £962,940

TOTAL CLAIMS PAID £136,034.389

FUNDS.

INCREASE IN FUNDS £3,431,845

TOTAL FUNDS £108,418,775

BONUS.

ORDINARY BRANCH. A simple Reversionary Bonus has been declared on Pearl Policies entitled to participate in full profits at the rate of .. .. £1 - 10 - 0 per cent.

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PERSONAL—continued

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By CYNICUS

THE MISTAKE OF MINIMUM PRICES—DOMINION GOVERNMENT STOCKS —THE BUDGET AND EQUITIES—OIL SHARES

In hotly criticising Sir John Simon for his mishandling of the gilt-edged market last week, I may have been read, I fear, as a supporter of the "minimum price" policy. To paint him as blackly as I could I remarked that he had a statement to make "about a new Maginot Line for the gilt-edged market which, if disclosed at the right moment and in a happy way, was not unlikely to instil more confidence in the City." I only meant that it was possible for an astute Chancellor to fool the City even at its own game. This week the full list of minimum prices has been published—covering public corporation and Dominion Government stocks as well as British Government—and to give it a glance is sufficient to bring home the absurdity of the minimum price policy. The popular argument that the authorities are merely raising the minimum prices established nervously in the first week of the war and are giving notice that the rate of interest for Government borrowing will never be allowed to return to that panicky level is no argument at all for cheaper borrowing to-day. It is merely advertising the fact that on the outbreak of war the gilt-edged market was in a state of mild panic to which the Governor of the Bank largely contributed by raising Bank rate to 4 per cent. Now that the gilt-edged market is under strict control the wise course would be to confess that the minimum prices established in September 1939 were a mistake and to announce that they are now abolished. To re-establish them at higher levels is dangerous. If a bad attack of nerves should ever seize the City again and if prices were to fall back to the new minima, then the gilt-edged market would simply become frozen once more, that is to say, it would be possible to buy Government stocks at the minima, but not to sell. In other words, the minimum would become maximum prices and liquidity would vanish. If the Treasury is not prepared to become an unlimited buyer of trustee stocks at certain prices, and obviously it cannot be, then the publication of this new list of minimum prices is merely advertising the unmarketability in a time of crisis of the vast bulk of the gilt-edged market. It cannot improve the morale of the investor to ask him to contemplate his potential illiquidity *en masse*.

* * *

The Dominion Governments may find other reasons to quarrel with the re-hashing of the minimum price policy. The new list accepts the market rating of the credit-worthiness of the different borrowers (making, for example, New Zealand less worthy than Australia and Australia less worthy than India) and therefore tends to perpetuate distinctions which may be of only temporary significance. But what may be more annoying to the Dominion Governments is the fact that this republication serves to remind investors that as compared with British Government stocks the yields on Dominion Government stocks are no longer attractive. With 3½ per cent. War Loan yielding £3 11*s.* 6*d.* per cent., who wants to buy India 3½ per cent. to yield £3 13*s.* per cent., or India 2½ per cent. to yield £3 11*s.* 6*d.* per cent.? India stocks do not receive the guarantee of the British Treasury, and the slight difference in yield does not compensate, in my opinion, for the difference in political risk. The recent rise in the India market may be due to the disclosure of the India Government's intention to repatriate some of its sterling balances by purchasing sterling loans and re-issuing them in India in rupee form. If so, this rise should be taken advantage of. Dominion Governments do not offer stocks without a fixed date of redemption, but I can see nothing attractive in Australia 3½ per cent. 1951/54 at 98¾ to yield £3 11*s.* 6*d.* per cent. flat or £3 13*s.* 3*d.* per cent. to redemption, or South Africa 3½ per cent. 1953/73 at 101½ to yield £3 9*s.* 6*d.* per cent. flat and £3 8*s.* 6*d.* per cent. to redemption. Surely the Treasury has done a disservice to the Dominion Governments in advertising with the new minimum prices the comparative attractions of British Government stocks. To repair this damage I suggest that the Treasury should give immediate facilities to the Dominion Governments to convert the large amount of 4 per cent. debt now outstanding to a lower coupon. There are several issues of 4 per cent. and 4¾ per cent. Australian State loans which can be called in 1940. In the meantime the investor who wants a potential short loan on an interesting yield basis should buy New South Wales 4 per cent. 1942/62 at around par to yield 4 per cent. for a probable couple of years.

* * *

The Budget is once again casting its shadow upon the equity share markets. The announcement that releases of spirits and tobacco from bond will, until further notice, be restricted to 92½ per cent. of the January withdrawals has made the market nervous of an increase in the whisky and tobacco duties. What is more important for the equity shareholder is the probability of an increase in the National Defence Contribution and a change in the basis of the Excess Profit Tax. Both, in my opinion, are inevitable sooner or later. N.D.C. is, at the moment, only 1*s.* in the £ and it allows some rich trading companies, which are not greatly affected by E.P.T., to make an absurdly inadequate contribution to the national defence. If N.D.C. were more than doubled it might fall heavily on some "highly-geared" equity shares, that is, on Ordinary shares which have a large preference share capital ranking ahead. (N.D.C. is levied on profits available for all share capital after debenture interest.) I need not discuss again the need of amending E.P.T., but more will be heard of it in the press. Nervousness about the Budget is undoubtedly increasing and will tend to drive away the potential buyers of equity shares. If the chairmen of the railway companies are to be believed, E.P.T. worries should not, however, affect the home railway market. Lord Stamp stoutly denied the existence of any water in railway capital and if a reasonable percentage standard were allowed to L.M. & S. no E.P.T. would be payable under the recent Government agreement.

* * *

Oil shares have lately been a friendless market and are likely to remain so while the American oil industry continues to play the fool. Because the States have had a severe winter, and because the demand for fuel oil for heating purposes has risen to record heights, the American oil refineries have been demanding more crude oil from the fields in order to crack it into fuel oil. But you cannot produce fuel oil at the refineries without producing gasoline, and in the middle of winter the demand for gasoline is at its lowest ebb. This means that America has been over-producing crude oil as a whole and gasoline in particular as a refined product. Gasoline stocks have reached a new peak of over 100 million barrels or 4,200 million gallons (U.S.). The increase in crude oil production has been fantastic, amounting in the last six weeks to 390,000 barrels a day. The present total crude oil output in the U.S.A. is no less than 3,890,000 barrels a day. To make matters worse there is a struggle on the part of Illinois, where new oilfields have been developed, to increase its share of the American market, which Texas has countered with an unwanted increase in its own "allowable" under the restriction programme. The position, I believe, would be righted if the American oil industry were to close down field operations from four to six weeks. But while the optimists are pointing to the inevitable increase in gasoline consumption in the spring, there is little likelihood of the American oil industry putting its house in order. In other words, the oil situation is likely to remain in a mess and the leading oil shares friendless in our market. Here are the prevailing yields:

	Price	Est. Div. %	Gross Div. Yield %
Anglo-Iranian £1	2⅝	15	£5 4 3
Burmah Oil £1	3 19/32	19	£6 4 6
Shell Transport £1	3 13/16	15 net	£6 4 0

The only pleasant feature of the oil surplus is the emphasis it gives to the Allied reserves of this essential war commodity. While the Russian and Roumanian oil supply for Germany may decline, the over-production of oil in the U.S.A., on which the Allies can draw, seems to be unlimited.

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THEATRES

APOLLO. Ger. 2663. Evenings at 8.15. Matinees, Wed., Sat., 2.30. GODFREY TEARLE, ANGELA BADDELEY in EMLYN WILLIAMS' Play **"THE LIGHT OF HEART"**

DUCHESS. (Tem. Bar 8243.) At 6.0 & 8.40. Mats., Sats., 2.30. RONALD FRANKAU in **"BEYOND COMPERE!"** Ted Ray, Renee Roberts, Gerry Fitzgerald.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS. at 8.30. Mats., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30. EDITH EVANS. PEGGY ASHCROFT in **COUSIN MURIEL** By Clemence Dane.

HAYMARKET. Whi. 9832. Evenings 8.15. Matinees: WED. & SAT., 2.30. Michael REDGRAVE, Irene EISINGER in **THE BEGGAR'S OPERA** A GLYNDEBOURNE PRODUCTION

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RESPITE AND RECREATION Make the most of your holidays this year by staying at Langdale Estate. Unique and varied accommodation amidst delightful surroundings. Furnished cottages, guest house and the new Pillar Hotel. Tennis and squash courts, swimming pool, etc. Illustrated booklet on request. The Manager, Langdale Estate, Great Langdale, near Ambleside. Tel.: Grasmere 82.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real Country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone: 61.

SECLUDED Cottage. Holidays or week-ends. 8*s.* 6*d.*–10*s.* 6*d.* daily. 2½ *gns.*–3 *gns.* weekly. Woodlawn, Beech, Alton. Hants, or 'phone SLO 3842.

SEAFORD. MISS MITCHELL, Claremont House (Seaford 3008). Facing sea: h. and c. water in bedrooms; own garden produce. Vegetarian.

BENBECULA, DITCHLING, SUSSEX. Small Guest House. Delightful position facing Downs. H. & C. in all rooms. Moderate terms. Telephone: Hassocks 146.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Private Hotel. Quiet situation. Central heating and log fires. H. and C. all bedrooms. 'Phone 126.

SALTDEAN, Sussex. Walesbeech Guest House, overlooking sea and downs. Terms moderate. Rottingdean 9431.

TIMBERSCOMBE, FERNHURST, HASLEMERE. Peaceful retreat. Ideal country. Particulars: MR. and MRS. GOLDRING. Tel.: Fernhurst 6.

SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER, first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

WHITE LODGE HOTEL, SALTDEAN, SUSSEX. Overlooking sea, with all modern comforts. Rottingdean 9614.

SAFE and peaceful, West Somerset. Superior farmhouse accommodation between Dulverton, Minehead. Riding, Rough Shooting, Fishing, Tennis, Bathing Pool. H. & C. Own produce. Tel.: Dulverton 95.

REAL modern comfort, home-grown produce, wonderful Atlantic view, 2 acres, all go to make holidays at Rockingham, Westward Ho! Devon ideal. 2½–4 *gns.* MISS FOLL (Northam 183).

WOODY BAY HOTEL, Barnstaple, N. Devon. Unsurpassingly, beautiful scenery. Seaside, forest, moor, Golf, Fishing. Magnificent walks. Utter peace and quiet. From 3½ *gns.* Facing sea. H. and C. in all bedrooms. Write HOGAN, Resident Proprietor.

RHYL. Furnished Brick-built Bungalows. Conveniences. Seaside. Tennis. FURNIVAL, 65 Bewsey St., Warrington, Lancs.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 443

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

TORQUAY, Howden Court Hotel. 4 minutes to sea by private path, garden, attractive sun lounge. Private sitting rooms and private bathrooms if required. A.A. appointed. Tel.: 280711.

CORNWALL, POLZEATH. Mod. fur. bung., overlooking sea. Slumberland beds, electricity, wireless, garage. APLIN.

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON. South Devon Coast. "Mountway" Guest House. Modern comfort. Ordinary or vegetarian diet. Telephone 290.

TORQUAY. Hotel Villa Como, St. Luke's Road. Lovely sea views, h. & c. bedrooms, garage. Terms from 2 *gns.* weekly.

HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, Etc.
For Sale, To Let and Wanted

"HAYLERS FARM." Furnished house; safe, surrounded by grass fields; 3 reception rooms; 3 double, 2 single bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, Aga stove, Ideal boiler, usual offices. Own electricity, main water. Large garage, tennis courts, good garden. 5 *guineas* a week, reduction for long let. Apply, WARDEN, Blue Idol, Coolham, Horsham, Sussex.

MEVAGISSEY, S. Cornwall. Furnished bungalow to let, 2 bedrooms, 2 sitting-rooms, bathroom, electricity, sun-parlour overlooking sea. ALDEN, 27 Norham Road, Oxford.

SUSSEX Woods. Freehold, £650. Seven rooms, garage. "The Kiln," Wisboro' Green, Billingshurst.

FURNISHED cottage; 5 rooms, bath. Secluded, in wood near Newbury. 35*s.* weekly. Box 7119.

THIRTEEN MILES PICCADILLY. Facing fields, backing Epping Forest; modernised furnished house to let. Theydon Bois. Six bed., two bath. Fruit-veg. garden. Box 7113.

STUDIO. Unusually attractive as accommodation and proposition. S.W.1 district. Long lease. QUIET. Studio 37ft. × 15ft.; small dining-room-hall, modern kitchen, good bathroom, one bedroom. French windows to tiny private cat-proof garden. Box 7110; or 'phone: Sloane 5334.

TINY SHOP (or KIOSK) WANTED. Suitable for cigarette business in good London Shopping centre, with flat for two (bathroom) adjoining. Write BM/EFN, W.C.1.

ACCOMMODATION
To Let

SUMMER in rural Chipperfield, Hertfordshire. Easy daily access London. 2½ *guineas* full board. Kings Langley 7876.

PLEASANT furnished rooms from 14*s.* Also unf. Large top room, unf., 17*s.* 22 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 1043.

CONVENIENT CENTRAL Divan Flatlets in quiet garden square. Every requirement. Wartime terms. Resident Proprietress. 14 Talbot Square, W.2. 2 minutes Paddington and Lancaster Gate Stations.

CHARMING Bijou Guest House, newly decorated and furnished. Hot and cold. Garden. Rooms, including breakfast, dinner, bath, light; 35*s.* weekly. Few minutes Marble Arch and near Tube Station. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

STUDIO bed-sitting room, white walls, pleasantly furnished, overlooking garden. Reduced 17*s.* 6*d.* Kitchen. Private house. Primrose 6534.

SWISS COTTAGE. 3 minutes station. Unfurnished. Two rooms, boxroom, kitchenette, 25*s.* Other attractive rooms, 15*s.* Meals optional. 19 Crossfield Road, N.W.3. PRI 6139.

HAMPSTEAD. Unfurnished. Charming attic studio, dormer window, h. & c. concealed. 17*s.* 6*d.* Other rooms, 15*s.* Superior well-kept residence. 3 bathrooms. Service and meals optional. 41 Fellows Road, N.W.3. PRI. 4510.

NOTTING HILL GATE (1 min.). New unfurnished flatlets, overlooking lovely gardens. Luxuriously equipped. Concealed h. and c. basins. Built-in cupboards. Service, meals as required. 21*s.* and 22*s.* 6*d.* weekly. 62 Kensington Park Road, W.11. Park 4589.

HAMPSTEAD. 7 Lancaster Grove, N.W.3. University woman has divan rooms, h. & c. basins, gas fires, rings. 14*s.* 6*d.*—25*s.* 6*d.* Breakfast if required. PRImrose 0160.

WEST END. Well-furnished bed-sitting rooms. 25*s.* each. Cooking facilities. Temple Bar 6395/9145

WESTON-SUPER-MARE. Married couple offer accommodation comfortable private house. Children or adults. R., 43 Upper Bristol Road.

HEALTH

MISS J. D. WALLINGTON (and Mrs. Helen Whitticom). Health Practitioner, Osteopath, and Bonesetter, treats all conditions of ill-health by natural methods. Consultations by appointment. 1 Ashley Place, S.W.1. Tel.: Victoria 0131: and 2 Norton Way North, Letchworth. Tel.: Letchworth 885.

THEN there is always KINGSTON. Enquiries to The Secretary, Kingston, Edinburgh.

FRESH FRUIT

TRINIDAD PINK GRAPEFRUIT. Sweet without sugar. Case 70 to 80 large, 23*s.* 6*d.*, carriage paid. Cash with order. PINKFRUIT, 82 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3.

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted subject to the management's approval and right to amend or to refuse to insert any advertisement whether paid for or not.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Morning service only. Sunday, March 31st, at 11, VIRGINIA FLEMMING: "LIVING MORALITY AND DOCTRINE."

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, March 31st, at 11 a.m., PROFESSOR G. W. KEETON, M.A., LL.D.: "EDUCATION FOR DEMOCRACY."

12 UNIVERSITY OF LONDON Extension Lectures on "SOCIAL STRUCTURE." By Dr. Karl Mannheim, Ph.D., begin at 6.30 p.m., on April 2nd at THE INSTITUTE FOR THE SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT OF DELINQUENCY, 8 Portman Street, London, W.1. Mayfair 8311. Syllabus on application. Full particulars were given in the N. S. & N., March 16th.

CONFERENCE

F.P.S.I. WEEK-END CONFERENCE on "THE NEW WORLD ORDER AND THE RIGHTS OF MAN." To be held at The Arnold House Hotel, Montpelier Terrace, Brighton. From Friday (tea), April 5th, to Monday (breakfast), April 8th, 1940.

PROGRAMME:

Fri.,	8 p.m.	RITCHIE CALDER on "THE GREAT DEBATE."
Sat.,	11 a.m.	DR. REINHOLD SCHAIRER on "THE DECLARATION AND EUROPE'S FUTURE."
Sat.,	8 p.m.	"O WOULD SOME POWER." AN F.P.S.I. FROLIC.
Sun.,	11 a.m.	S. DE MADARIAGA on "THE RIGHTS OF MAN AND THEIR ENFORCEMENT."
Sun.,	3 p.m.	JOHN KATZ on "THE RIGHTS OF MAN AND SOME INDIVIDUALIST FALLACIES."

INCLUSIVE FEES.—Friday tea to Monday breakfast: Members, 27s. 6d.; non-Members, 30s. Saturday tea to Monday breakfast: Members, 21s.; non-Members, 23s. 6d. Please remit fee with application to the Hon. Secretary, Federation of Progressive Societies and Individuals, 49 Nassington Road, London, N.W.3. (Hampstead 2969.)

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

FOR information on BOARDING SCHOOLS—girls', co-educational or boys' preparatory—apply to CICELY C. WRIGHT, LTD., 4 York Road, Headington, OXFORD. No fee for preliminary enquiries.

QUEEN ELIZABETH SCHOOL, Kirkby Lonsdale, Westmorland. Recognised, fully equipped, vacancies for boys, 10–19. £14,000 additions now complete. Boarding and tuition fee £22 10s. per term.

EIRE. NEWTOWN SCHOOL, WATERFORD. A Quaker Co-educational Boarding School in a neutral country. Free from rationing, black-out, war atmosphere. More than 20 acres grounds, own farm. Low fees. Apply HEADMASTER.

BELTANE SCHOOL now at Shaw Hill, Melksham, Wilts. Boys and girls from five to eighteen years. Economical running to meet wartime needs.

MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS. *Head Mistress:* Miss CHAMBERS, M.A. (Cantab.). Aim—to develop character, intellect, healthy growth of child for good of community; encourage self-expression; increase resource and initiative by practical work. Girls prepared for Universities, Medical Profession and advanced work, Music, Art. Fees include Elocution, Dancing, Cookery. 15 acres grounds.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough, Sussex. Pre-prep. school and all-year-round home. Sound early education and careful training. Boys, 3–10. Girls, 3–12. Trained staff. Exceptional health record. Beautiful surroundings. Apply, SECRETARY. Crowborough 299.

HOMER SCHOOL, IPSDEN, OXON. 10 Boarders, 10 Day children. Boys and girls, 5–12 years. All subjects. Qualified staff. Country life. Riding.

HALSTEAD PLACE, Littleton Panell, Near Devizes. Recognised Preparatory School for Girls. Ages 6–14.

KING ALFRED SCHOOL (Co-educational) has removed temporarily from Golders Green and reopened as school for boarders and day pupils (ages 5–18) at Flint Hall Farm, Royston, Herts. Country estate of 180 acres. A.R.P. trenches. Prospectus from SECRETARY.

BADMINTON SCHOOL, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. (A Public School for Girls. Founded 1858.)
The School, which is run on modern lines, has a high standard of education and gives every opportunity for the development of personality and individual gifts.
President of the Board of Governors: GILBERT MURRAY, Esq., D.C.L., LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A., Emeritus Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford.
Head Mistress: MISS B. M. BAKER, B.A.

NEW HERRLINGEN SCHOOL (recognised by the Board of Education) welcomes children to grow up in a home-like atmosphere. Principal: ANNA ESSINGER, M.A., Otterden, Kent. Tel.: Eastling 206.

BRECHIN PLACE SCHOOL. Apply MRS. E. M. SPENCER, 11 Brechin Place, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

LONG DENE SCHOOL, Jordans, Bucks, has now over sixty children and a keenly alive specialist staff. There are vacancies for five boy boarders, aged 8 to 12. Fees, £105–£120. Prospectus from the Headmaster.

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THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE INSURANCE Co LTD

Chief Administration:

7, CHANCERY LANE LONDON, W.C.2

SCHOOLS—continued

HAMPDEN SCHOOL has removed from 14 Holland Park, W.11, to the country boarding-school it prepared last March at The Chalet, Wytham Great Wood, Eynsham, Oxford—situated in the heart of a large private estate. Vacancies for children 2–10. Arrangements made for all-year schooling, if necessary. Visits welcomed: interviews with the Headmaster in London by appointment. Apply: LESLIE BREWER, Headmaster. Eynsham 282.

LONG DENE SCHOOL, Jordans, Bucks. Co-education in a village community with an international outlook. Headmaster: JOHN GUINNESS, B.A. (Oxon).

ST. CHRISTOPHER SCHOOL, LETCHWORTH (recognised by the Board of Education). A thorough education for boys and girls to 19 years, at moderate fees, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom and progress. Headmaster: H. LYN HARRIS, M.A., LL.B. (Camb.).

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, 16 Wedderburn Road, N.W.3, will re-open at Hampstead Summer Term, 1940. The boarding school for our evacuated children will continue at Sunnydale, Torcross, S. Devon. Exchanges may be arranged. The Principals may be seen by appointment during the holidays at 16 Wedderburn Road (HAMpstead 0648). Letters to Sunnydale, Torcross, nr. Kingsbridge, S. Devon.

PINEHURST SCHOOL, GOUDHURST, KENT. Safe area on Sussex border. Co-education 3 to 12 years. Food reform diet. Riding. Splendid health record. Moderate fees. M. B. REID, Goudhurst 116.

MRS. J. B. PRIESTLEY can receive three or four boys of eight to be educated by resident tutor with her own son. Healthy country life in safe area. Apply to Billingham Manor, Chillerton, Isle of Wight.

CUDHAM HALL SCHOOL, now at Paccombe House, Harcombe, Nr. Sidmouth, offers a happy home and school to boys and girls 2–12 years. Beautiful country, 3 miles from sea. All-round progressive education. Entire charge. Apply PRINCIPAL.

FORTIS GREEN SCHOOL, ASPLEY HOUSE, ASPLEY GUISE, nr. BLETCHLEY, BUCKS. Principal: MISS BEATRIX TUDOR-HART, B.A. Cantab. For the duration of the war the school has left London. Co-educational boarding and day school for children of 2–10 years. Individual methods. Stress is laid on modern languages, music and handcrafts. Careful attention given to health and diet. Home atmosphere—entire charge can be taken. Terms moderate. Apply Secretary, Fortis Green School Society, Limited. NEW TERM begins April 4th.

OAKLEA, Buckhurst Hill, Essex (recognised by Board of Education), removed (for duration of war) to NESS STRANGE, Nr. Shrewsbury. 90 boarders taken in exceptionally safe country district. Girls 7 to 19. P.N.E.U. Programmes followed. Handicrafts, gardening, riding. Oxford Examination Centre. Principal: BEATRICE GARDNER.

SCHOOLS—continued

HURTWOOD SCHOOL, Peaslake, Guildford. Tel.: Abinger 119. Co-educational from 3 years. Modern building in healthy safe surroundings. Constructively progressive outlook based upon knowledge and understanding. Older children prepared for usual examinations.

MANY BYRON HOUSE SCHOOL CHILDREN are attending regular full-time classes in the North Grove Buildings, HIGHGATE VILLAGE, N.6 (apply at 5 North Grove, MOU. 6403) while 60 OTHERS make up a well-established and happy community at THE ORCHARD, Huntingdon Road on the outskirts of CAMBRIDGE. Co-educational Preparatory Boarding and Day School, ages 3–13 years. Particulars from the Secretary at The Orchard. Cambridge 3817. Each section is under responsible direction and both under the same management. Exchanges may therefore be arranged.

KESWICK SCHOOL. ENGLISH LAKES. Co-educational, Boys and Girls, 6–19, stressing Art, Music, Handicraft and Physical Culture. New Children's House overlooking Derwentwater. Fees: £82.

PINEWOOD, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX. Home school for boys and girls, 3–12 years, where environment, diet, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. ELIZABETH STRACHAN. Crowborough 224.

MATHEMATICS coaching for school examinations. J. B. RUSTOMJEE, 2 Carlingford Road, N.W.3. Hampstead 0210.

THE FROEBEL PREPARATORY SCHOOL, Little Gaddesden, Herts. Sound modern education for boys and girls from 5 to 14 years old. Inclusive boarding fee. Headmistress: Miss O. B. PRIESTMAN, B.A., N.F.U.

L'AVENIR, Villars sur Ollon, Switzerland. 4,100 ft. 20 boys and girls, 4 to 18.

SCHOLARSHIP

BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL
ONE SCHOLARSHIP OF £100, FOUR of £50, SIX EXHIBITIONS of £30, ONE "EMPIRE SCHOLARSHIP" of £30. Classics, Mathematics, and special subjects. Examination May 28th. Inclusive fees boarders, £140. Particulars from HEADMASTER, Blundell's School, Tiverton.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

The Secretary of State for India offers not more than six vacancies for Indian candidates to be filled in 1940 on the recommendation of a Selection Board set up in the United Kingdom. Candidates must have taken a good Honours Degree at an approved University in the British Isles, but those who are sitting for their Final Honours Schools this year may be admitted provisionally. The age limits are 21 to 24 on August 1st, 1940. Entry closes on May 15th. Full particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Appointments Boards of Universities in the British Isles, or from the India Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

APPOINTMENT OF COUNTY LIBRARIAN.

Applications are invited for the appointment of County Librarian. Salary scale: £450 by increments of £25 to £700 per annum. In fixing the initial salary, allowance may be made for suitable library experience in a responsible post or for special qualifications.

Applicants must possess the Diploma of the School of Librarianship of the University of London or the Diploma of the Library Association and must have had administrative experience in a responsible position, preferably in connection with the headquarters of a County Library. High organising ability is essential and the possession of academic standing equivalent to a good Honours Degree will be an advantage.

A form of application and further particulars of the appointment and of the County Library Scheme may be obtained from the Education Officer, County Hall, Wakefield, by whom applications, accompanied by copies of not more than three testimonials given with reference to this particular appointment, must be received not later than April 15th, 1940.

FABIAN SOCIETY

THE Assistant Secretary and Research Secretary are likely to be called up in the near future. Application forms and fuller information about these wartime vacancies can be obtained from the General Secretary, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1. Applicants should be keen members of the Labour Party; they should send in their forms by April 15th.

NURSERY School teacher required three months temporary post, April–June; resident. Possibly permanent. Nursery school experience essential. Fortis Green School, Aspley House, Aspley Guise, Bletchley.

SCHOOL MATRON; working knowledge of new health dietary. Must be fond of children. Age 27 to 40. MATTHEWS, Oaklands, Lingfield.

OXFORD Woman Graduate (Hons. English), review writer, good French, wants work in a book shop. Box 7109.

ABLE Graduate, economics and statistics, research, business, secretarial and agricultural experience, requires interesting work. Exempt army. Moderate salary. (Board as part if necessary). Box 7072.

INTELLIGENT man seeks intelligent employer. Has literary taste and inclination. Wishes to work for author or similar person. Alternatively will act as general factotum to anyone recognising mental equality. Urgent. Age 35. Box 7118.

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